The 4th film by
QUENTIN
TARANTINO

UMA
THURMAN
is going to

KILL
BILL

Written
&
directed
by
Quentin Tarantino

Based on the character
of "the Bride", created by
Q & U

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OVER BLACK
We hear labored breathing.

BLACK FRAME
QUOTE APPEARS:

"Revenge is a dish
best served cold."

- Old Klingon Proverb -

QUOTE FADES OUT

WE STAY ON BLACK
...breathing continues...

Then a MAN'S VOICE talks over the breathing;

MAN'S VOICE (OS)
Do you find me sadistic?

CUT TO

BLACK AND WHITE CU of a WOMAN
lying on the floor, looking up. The woman on the floor has just taken a severe spaghetti-western style gang beating. Her face is bloody, beaten up, and torn. The high contrast B/W turning the red blood into black blood.

A hand belonging to the offscreen Man's Voice ENTERS FRAME holding a white handkerchief with the name "BILL" sewn in the corner, and begins tenderly wiping away the blood from the young woman's face. Little by little as the Male Voice speaks, the beautiful face underneath is revealed to the audience. But what can't be wiped away, is the white hot hate that shines in both eyes at the man who stands over her, the "BILL" of the title.

In another age men who shook the world for their own purposes were called conquerers. In our age, the men who shake the planet for their own power and greed are called corrupters. And of the world's corrupters Bill stands alone. For while he corrupts the world, inside himself he is pure.

BILL'S VOICE (OS)
I bet I could fry an egg on your head about now, if I wanted to.

He continues wiping away the blood.

BILL'S VOICE (OS)
No kiddo, I'd like to believe, even now, you're aware enough to know there isn't a trace of sadism in my actions...Okay - Maybe towards these other jokers - but not you.

OVERHEAD SHOT
We see for a moment, A WIDE SHOT looking down at the woman on the floor. Bill (from behind) bent down over her. Four others in black suits, standing over her (three are female, one is male). And about four DEAD BODIES lying in their own blood. We also see we're in a wedding chapel that's been redecorated by blood death and gunfire. And firstly or lastly, depending on the viewer, that the woman on the floor is dressed in a white bridal gown.
This woman is our Heroine, and from this moment forth she will only be referred to as The BRIDE.

Back to CU of The BRIDE

The BRIDE on the floor. Her pretty face is wiped clean.

BILL'S VOICE (OS)
No Kiddo at this moment, this is me at my most masochistic.

While still in her CU The Bride speaks for the first time in the picture. She looks up at the man standing over her and says;

The BRIDE
Bill, I'm pregnant. It's your baby.

After saying the "y" in "baby," we hear a BANG, and The Bride receives a bullet in the side of her head.

CUT TO

BLACK SCREEN:Presentation Credit

"The 4th Film by
QUENTIN TARANTINO"

CUT TO

B/W crime scene photo of a YOUNG MAN in a TUXEDO. Shot to death.

The BRIDE speaks to us in a VO;

The BRIDE (VO)
That's Tim, Arthur's best friend.

B/W photo of A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN in a frilly pink dress with two bullet holes in her.

The BRIDE (VO)
That's his girlfriend Janeen.

B/W photo of A PLUMP YOUNG WOMAN, shot to death, wedding bouquet still clutched in her dead fist.

The BRIDE (VO)
That's my best friend from work Erica.

AN OLDER MAN IN A BLACK SUIT shot fulla holes.

The BRIDE (VO)
That's the minister. I think his name was Reverend Hillhouse.

A DEAD OLDER WOMAN by his side in an old-fashioned flower print dress.

The BRIDE (VO)
That's his wife.

A DEAD OLDER WOMAN slumped over an organ.

The BRIDE (VO)
Organ player, don't know her name.

A YOUNG MAN IN A TUXEDO WITH HIS FACE BLOWN OFF.

The BRIDE (VO)
That's Tommy. Tommy Plympton. I was about to become Mrs. Tommy Plympton.

And then finally, The Bride.

The BRIDE (VO)
And that, that's me. I'm the Bride.

We do a DISSOLVE from the B/W photo of the Bride looking dead in her bridal gown.

to

The Bride, still in B/W, but now at twenty-four frames a second, still in a bridal gown, but the asswippin she took in the scene before must have been in the past, because she looks like a million dollars now.....three million even.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The Bride behind the wheel of a Volkswagon Karman Ghia convertible. Her long blonde hair whipping in the wind. A PROCESS SHOT PLAYS behind her.

The BRIDE (VO)
Looked dead, didn't I? Well I wasn't, but it wasn't for lack of trying, I can tell you that. Actually Bill's last bullet put me in a coma. A coma I was to lie in for five years. When I woke up,...I went on what the movie advertisements refer to as a Roaring Rampage of Revenge.

(MORE)

The BRIDE (VO) (CONT'D)
I roared and I rampaged and I got bloody satisfaction. In all, I've killed 33 people to get to this point right now.
I have only one more.
The last one.
The one I'm driving to right now.
The only one left.
And when I arrive at my destination....
...I'm gonna Kill Bill.

TITLE SEQUENCE

As a female-sung ballad of heartbreaking lament plays on the soundtrack, we see the credits of "Kill Bill" play over the Bride in her bridal gown, driving to the film's climax.

The sequence ends with the Bride arriving at Bill's home.

WE FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME
TITLE APPEARS:

Chapter one

"2"

CUT TO

EXT - MOTEL ROOM - DAY

IN GLORIOUS COLOR
EX CU OF A KNIFE
Whose edge is being brought up and down against an old leather belt. One end of the belt is looped around the Bride's foot, the other end is held tight in her fist.

The KNIFE in question is known as a SOG. It's a long, double-edged knife that's as sharp as a razor, and is what Navy Seals use to kill humans with.

Whenever the blade reaches the bottom or the top it's quickly flipped to the opposite edge....

EX CU The Bride in profile, head bent down watching the sharpening process. The belt is unlooped around her foot...

The belt's buckle is tied tight around her wrist...

The sog is put back in the sheath hanging from her hip...

Both her hotel room key and her car keys are grabbed off a table...

She exits the room.

CUT TO

EXT - RESIDENTIAL PASADENA STREET - DAY

A very homey three-bedroom house in the affluent suburb of Pasadena, California. A purple Dodge Neon sits parked in the driveway. A tricycle, a big wheel, and a few toys sprinkle the grass on the front yard. A mailbox with the name "The BELLS" on it sits out in front of the lawn. We hear but don't see ice cream truck bells.

SUBTITLE APPEARS AT SCREEN BOTTOM:

"The city of
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA"

We hear a Car Door Open and Close....THEN....The Bride Walks into the shot, heading for the front door.

EX CU A long, white female finger pushes a doorbell.

EXT - PASADENA HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

The front door opens and an attractive black HOUSEWIFE the same age as The Bride stands in the doorway.
The Housewife's face shows immediate recognition of the blonde on her doorstep.

The BRIDE
on the porch; we do a quick Shaw Brothers-style Zoom into her eyes.

FLASHBACK - SPAGHETTI-WESTERN STYLE
(That means our Heroine is remembering something, and we see it with an orange filter.) We're back inside the wedding chapel. The Bride is taking the beating of her life by four people in black suits. A black woman PUNCHES HER In the face...WE see it's the black housewife, five years earlier.

The BRIDE ON THE PORCH
We Zoom quick out of her eyes to CU, a VENGEANCE THEME PLAYS LOUD ON THE SOUNDTRACK. (Whenever we hear this theme throughout the picture, we'll quickly learn what accompanies it is The Bride goin Krakatoa all over whoever's ass happens to be in front of her at that moment.) As the Vengeance Theme plays, a Vein in The Bride's forehead begins to pulsate. When the Vengeance Theme stops, The Bride ATTACKS The Housewife.

INT - HOUSEWIFE'S NICE HOME - DAY

The white woman and the black woman FLY into the center of the living room, CRASHING onto her coffee table in front of the sofa.

These two wildcats go at each other savagely, TUMBLING OVER the couch, clawing and scratching all the way, landing together on the plush carpet.

The HOUSEWIFE
KICKS The Bride, sending her CRASHING backwards into the small table where the phone, a note pad (for messages), and the mail is kept.

The Housewife scrambles up on her feet, but is caught by a FLYING TACKLE from behind by The Bride that sends them both into.....

An ornamental iron and tempered-glass bookcase that has framed family photos, display toys, some African art, and a collection of painted commemorative plates depicting the negro experience in the American military. Starting with a plate featuring Crispus Attucks in the revolutionary war, negro troops in union blue during the civil war, Buffalo soldiers fighting Indians, the Jim Crow troops of the first world war, the colored troops of world war two, Korea, Vietnam, and finally Colin Powell.....The Bride and The Housewife CRASH THROUGH all this reducing everything to rubble.

They land hard on the floor covered in broken glass, locked in grapple, each trying to get the best of the other one,...When The Housewife HEADBUTTS The Bride in the nose.

The HOUSEWIFE
hops off The Bride, runs into the kitchen, opens a drawer and comes out with a HUGE MOTHERFUCKIN BUTCHER KNIFE.

The BRIDE
rises from the floor, and WHIPS OUT her SOG from its sheath.

The Bride backs up into the mess of the now totally demolished living room.

The two women stalk each other, each holding her blade, each looking like they know how to use it, each waiting for the other to make a mistake so they can plunge their blade deep into the other one.

Blood and sweat drip off of the faces of the two women locked in life and death combat.....

....When the back kitchen door opens, and a FOUR-YEAR-OLD LITTLE GIRL, carrying a lunch box steps inside.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL
Mommy, I'm home!

The two warrior women whose eyes reflect only combat concentration, suddenly switch upon hearing the four-year old's voice. The Housewife's eyes flash a look of pleading to the eyes of The Bride.

The Bride seems to answer back; "Okay."

The Black woman and the white woman hide their edged weapons behind their backs, as the Four-Year-Old Little Girl walks into the newly destroyed living room.

The Housewife switches to her mommy voice.

The HOUSEWIFE
Hey baby, how was school?

The Little Girl is flabbergasted at the mess, and the condition of her mother, who looks like she's just been in a bar room brawl.

LITTLE GIRL
Mommy, what happened to you and the T.V. room?

The HOUSEWIFE
Oh, that good for nothin dog of yours, got his little ass in the living room and acted a damn fool, that's what happened.

LITTLE GIRL
Barney did this?

She says it with the slightest hint of skepticism, then tries to enter the living room.

The HOUSEWIFE
Now baby, you can't come in here, there's broken glass all over the floor, and you gonna cut yourself.

The little girl's eyes go to the blonde lady in the living room who she ain't never seen before, who also looks like she's been fighting.

The Bride smiles at the confused Little Girl.

The HOUSEWIFE
This is a old friend of Mommy's I ain't seen in a long time.

The BRIDE
Hello sweety, I'm *(BLEEP)*, what's your name?

Whenever during the picture somebody says The Bride's real name, it will be BLEEPED OUT ON THE SOUNDTRACK, ...that is, till I want you to know.

The shy, suspicious little girl doesn't say anything, she just stares at the blonde lady.

The HOUSEWIFE
Her name is Nikki.

The BRIDE
Nikki. What a pretty name for such a pretty little girl. How old are you Nikki?

Nikki still says nothing, only stares.

The HOUSEWIFE
Nikki, *(BLEEP)* asked you a question.

NIKKI
(to The Bride)
I'm four.

The BRIDE
Four years old, aye. You know I once had a little girl. She'd be five right now. Maybe you two could of played with each other.

The HOUSEWIFE
Now baby, me an *(BLEEP)* have some grown-up talk to talk about, so you go in your room now and leave us alone till I tell you to come out.

The child doesn't move, so the mother repeats herself.

The HOUSEWIFE
(snapping her fingers)
Nikkia - in your room - now.

The little girl slowly walks away and disappears behind the door of her bedroom.

The two women turn to face each other, masquerade and combat both finished.

The HOUSEWIFE
Want some coffee?

The BRIDE
Yeah, sure.

The two women move into the kitchen. The Bride re-sheaths her SOG, and The Housewife puts the butcher knife back in the drawer.

The Bride sits down at the kitchen table, while The Housewife pours both of them coffee.

The HOUSEWIFE
Cream and sugar?

The BRIDE
Both, please.

As The Housewife fixes the coffee, we hear The Bride's VOICEOVER ON THE SOUNDTRACK:

The BRIDE (VO)
This Pasadena homemaker's name is Jeanne Bell. Her husband is Dr. Lawrence Bell. But back when we were acquainted, five years ago, her name was VERNITA GREEN. Her code name, was "COPPERHEAD"..... Mine was BLACK MAMBA.

The two combat artists sit at the kitchen table, drinking coffee out of Vernita's coffee mugs.

The BRIDE
Were you expecting me?

VERNITA
Yes and no. Bill got in touch with me right after you woke up, and then again a little later after your episode in Japan.
(pause)
So I suppose it's a little late for a apology, huh?

The BRIDE
You suppose correctly.

VERNITA
Even if I was sincere?

The BRIDE
Oh. I'm quite positive you're sorry, now.

Vernita says to the Bride across the table furiously but with low volume;

VERNITA
Look bitch, I need to know if you're gonna start anymore shit around my baby girl!

The BRIDE
You can relax for now. I'm not going to murder you in front of your daughter.

VERNITA
That's being more rational than Bill led me to believe you were capable of.

The BRIDE
Well that's a demonstration of Bill's complete ignorance when it comes to the subject of me, and what I'm thinking, and what I might do. It's mercy, compassion, and forgiveness I lack, not rationality.

She pauses for effect -- the ham.

The BRIDE
I'll wait for now, but I won't wait for long. I'll allow you to choose a time and place for us to meet again, preferably as far away from Nikki as possible.
I could have just HIT you, I didn't, I demand respect for that. Since this is not a HIT, consider it a DUEL. And as two former Deadly Vipers, we will observe Viper rules of honor. One on one - no bushwackin - no treacherous weapons - a single weapon of choice - our skill and our bodies.

Vernita says her name;

VERNITA
(BLEEP)

The BRIDE
- I'm not through telling you.
Failure to keep our date, or duplicity of any kind, will result in me putting a xoxo hollow point bullet into the back of your skull from a window of a building across the street from Nikki's elementary school. Now, feel free to respond.

VERNITA
Look...I know I fucked you over. I fucked you over bad. I wish to God I hadn't, but I did.

The blonde listens to the black woman with a poker face.

VERNITA
If I could go back in a machine I would, but I can't. All I can tell you is I'm a different person now.

The BRIDE
I don't care.

VERNITA
Be that as it may, I know I do not deserve mercy or forgiveness. However, I beseech you for both on behalf of my daughter.

The BRIDE
-- Bitch, you can stop right there.

The B-word stops Vernita short, almost like a cold-handed slap in the face (it should affect the audience that way as well).

The BRIDE
(leans in close)
Just because I have no wish to murder you before the eyes of your daughter, does not mean parading her around in front of me is going to inspire sympathy. You and I have unfinished business.
And not a goddamn fuckin thing you've done in the subsequent five years - including getting knocked up - is going to change that.

VERNITA
You have every right to wanna get even --

The BRIDE
-- But that's where you're wrong, Vernita. I don't want to get even. To get even, even Steven. I would have to kill you, go into Nikki's room, kill her, then wait for your old man, Dr. Bell, to come home and kill him. That would make us even. No, my unborn daughter will just hafta be satisfied with your death at her mother's hands.

Vernita knows no matter what else is said, blood will spill.

VERNITA
When do we do this?

The BRIDE
It all depends... When do you want to die? Tomorrow? The day after tomorrow? That's about as long as I'll wait.

VERNITA
How bout tonight, bitch?

The BRIDE
Spendid. Where?

VERNITA
There's a baseball diamond where our little league has its games, about a mile from here. We meet there around two-thirty in the morning, dressed all in black, your hair in a black stocking, and we have us a knife fight, we won't be bothered. I have to fix Nikki's cereal.

As they continue to talk, Vernita pulls down a cereal bowl for her daughter and lays it on the kitchen counter.

The BRIDE
Bill said you were one of the best ladies he'd ever seen with an edged weapon.

Vernita moves to another kitchen cabinet, and pulls down a box of the sugar cereal, "Kaboom."

VERNITA
Fuck you, bitch, I know he didn't qualify it, so you can just kiss my motherfuckin ass, Black Mamba.
(snorts to herself)
Black Mamba, I shoulda been motherfuckin Black Mamba.

As the two females continue to talk, Vernita reaches her hand inside the cereal box.

The BRIDE
Weapon of choice? And if you want to stick with your butcher knife, I'm cool with that.

VERNITA
Very funny.

Vernita FIRES A GUN from inside the cereal box at The Bride....

....The bullet explodes out of the cardboard box, and HITS the coffee mug directly in front of The Bride, BLOWING IT TO SMITHEREENS.

The Bride THROWS HERSELF ON THE FLOOR....

Vernita pulls the gun out of the cereal box and FIRES again...

...The bullet HITS THE FLOOR of the tiny kitchen...

...The Bride moves under the kitchen table, then using her back, LIFTS THE TABLE OFF THE GROUND, RAMMING IT STRAIGHT INTO Vernita, pinning her flat up against the table top, and the kitchen counter.

While her left hand holds the table, her right hand goes to the SOG on her belt, her fingers wrap around the blade's grip, lifting it up out of the sheath and PLUNGING IT THROUGH THE TABLE TOP up to the handle, with all the SOG's steel entering Vernita's abdomen.

The table falls back to the floor with the dying homemaker pinned to it.

Vernita dies.

The Bride removes her sog, looks up and sees little Nikki standing in the doorway of her room. The little girl sees her mother dead on the floor, lying in her own blood. And she sees the blonde lady standing over her mother, bloody knife still in her hand. But oddly enough, Nikki doesn't cry. The little girl locks eyes with the big girl, and holds her stare.

As she talks to the little girl, she takes a dish towel off the kitchen counter and wipes the girl's mother's blood off her blade. When finished, she tosses the towel aside, and sticks the sog back in its sheath.

The BRIDE
It was not my intention to do this in front of you. For that I'm sorry. But you can take my word for it, your mother had it coming. When you grow up, if you still feel raw about it, I'll be waiting.

And with that apology, statement, and invitation, The Bride walks out the kitchen side door, leaving the little girl to her mourning.

EXT - VERNITA'S HOME - DAY

The Bride walks down the dead woman's driveway to her vehicle. She glances at the lawn toys one more time as she makes her getaway.

She climbs into her big, yellow pickup truck, with the words "Pussy Wagon" written across the flatbed's hatch door in a pimpy font. She takes out a ringed notebook and turns to a page that's headline reads;

DEATH LIST FIVE

On the paper are five names numbered going down the page written in red ink.

The first name has a line drawn through it with black ink.

The second name on the list is;

VERNITA GREEN
COPPERHEAD

The Bride takes a black felt pen and draws a line through Vernita's name. Turns on the truck's engine and drives out of the residential district.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK
TITLE CARD:

Chapter two

The comatose Bride

FADE UP ON

INT - WHITE WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

OVERHEAD SHOT
Looking down at the wedding chapel massacre we only saw in B/W photos before. As we pan overhead we see the same stuff in blood red and bridal gown white. White chalk outlines surround the dead bodies. Police officers and technicians from a crime scene mull around the no longer living victims of violent crime.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"Five years and four months earlier
in the city of El Paso, Texas"

Through the doorway of the wedding chapel, a Texas Ranger sedan pulls up quick. And Texas Ranger EARL McGRAW steps out of the sedan.

A young ranger, his son, EDGAR McGRAW, moves up to him.

EARL
Gimmie the gory details, Son Number One.

EDGAR
It's a goddamn massacre, Pop. Wiped out the whole weddin party -- execution style.

EARL
Gimmie a figure.

EDGAR
Eight dead bodies. And we're talkin the whole shebang. Bride - groom - reverend - reverend's wife - they even shot the old woman who plays the organ.

EARL
It would appear somebody objected to this union, and weren't able to hold their peace.

They reach the entrance to the wedding chapel. The carnage inside makes the seen-it-all ranger stop in his tracks.

EARL
Good gravy Marie.

EDGAR
What'd I tell ya, Pop. It's like a goddamn Nicaraguan death squad.

EARL
Shit can that blasphemy, boy. You in a house of worship.

EDGAR
Sorry, Pop.

EARL
This is definitely the work of professionals. I'd guesstimate a Mexican mafia hit squad. Four maybe five strong.

EDGAR
How can ya tell?

EARL
A sure a steady hand done this. This ain't no squirrely amateur. This is the work of a salty dog. You can tell by the cleanness of the carnage. Kill-crazy rampage - though it may be - the colors are kept inside the lines. If you was a moron, you could almost admire it.

He comes to the fallen body of The Bride; he bends down on his haunches looking down at her.

EARL
Who's The Bride?

EDGAR
Don't know. The name on the marriage certificate - Nicoletta Machiavelli - that's a fake. We all just been callin her The Bride - on account of the dress.

The ranger, wearing his green Foster Grants - as he looks into the Bride's dead face. He removes the glasses.

EARL
Man hafta be a mad dog. Shoot a goddamn good lookin gal like this in the head. Look at 'er. Hay-colored hair. Big eyes. She a little blood-splattered angel.

Then The Bride - SPITS.

The spit hits Earl McGraw on the cheek.

No one saw it.

His finger goes up to his face and removes the saliva from his cheek.

EARL
Son number one?

EDGAR
Yeah?

EARL
This tall drink of cocksucker ain't dead.

CU The Bride
on the wedding chapel floor.

DISSOLVES TO

CU The comatose Bride
lying in her hospital bed, wide-open unblinking sightless eyes, that constantly stare yet see nothing. The Bride is at the beginning of her comatose journey.

Although we're only in a tight CU, we can tell a few things: one, she's in her hospital room; two, she's alone; three, it's night; and four, one hellva RAINSTORM is pounding outside.

WE GO TO SPLIT SCREEN

Left Side	Right Side
CU The Bride's unblinking comatose sleep	EX CU OF A WHITE WOMAN'S SHAPELY BAREFOOT ANKLE AND LEG STEPPING INTO A SHEER, WHITE STOCKING. INSERT: OF THOSE LONG, WHITE LEGS STEPPING INTO A WHITE NURSE'S UNIFORM.
CU The Bride in her coma	INSERT: OF THE ZIPPER IN THE BACK ZIPPING UPWARDS. INSERT: OF WHITE, SHEER STOCKING FEET STEPPING INTO WHITE NURSE'S ORTHOPEDIC SHOES.
CU The BRIDE in her coma	INSERT: OF A SYRINGE NEEDLE STUCK IN A VIAL The liquid is drawn up into the syringe. SOME WRITTEN TEXT APPEARS BELOW IMAGE THAT READS: "A lethal cocktail of Bill's own concoction. He calls it, 'Goodbye forever'." INSERT: THE DEADLY SYRINGE IS PLACED ON A NURSE'S TRAY INSERT: A LITTLE WHITE NURSE'S CAP IS PLACED ON TOP of the woman's blonde head.

INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The door marked "Ladies" is opened, and a beautiful 6-foot blonde in a white nurse's uniform, with a matching white eye patch over her left eye steps out, carrying the nurse's tray with the "Goodbye forever"-filled syringe on it. She walks down the corridor towards The sleeping Bride's room.

SUBTITLE UNDERNEATH BLONDE NURSE:

"ELLE DRIVER

Member of
The DEADLY VIPER ASSASSINATION SQUAD
codename:
CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN SNAKE"

END OF SPLIT SCREEN
STAY WITH ELLE'S SIDE

INT - The BRIDE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The Bride, alone in her bed, alone in her coma, alone in her room.

Elle Driver opens the door to her room and steps inside. The female assassin approaches the comatose woman.

EX CU ELLE DRIVER'S EYE AND WHITE EYE PATCH
looking down at her sleeping target, victim, rival, and opposite number.

EX CU The BRIDE'S EYES
wide open - blank stare.

Elle standing over The Bride's hospital bed, says to her;

ELLE
I might never of liked you. Point in fact I despise you. But that shouldn't suggest I don't respect you. You were a master of a profession that's most difficult to master. Dying in our sleep is a luxury our kind is rarely afforded. My gift to you.

As she lifts the syringe off the tray....

Her cell phone RINGS....

She curses to herself...there can be only one person on the other end....she answers it.

ELLE
Hello, Bill.
(pause)
Affirmative.
(pause)
Comatose.
(pause)
I'm standing over her right now.
(pause)
What!

The female assassin turns away from the wide-eyed stare of The Bride, and paces the hospital room talking in the cell phone.

ELLE
Don't fuckin ssshhh me! If you think I came all the way down to Texas - in a dog and cat rainstorm no less - just to tuck sleeping beauty in bed - you got another fuckin thing comin -
(pause, then real loud)
You don't owe her Shit!!
(then again, but quieter)
You don't owe her shit.
(pause)
Man, fuck that bitch!
(pause)
Oh you're not are you? Well Bill, you never leave a job half done. A great teacher taught me that once, he looked a whole lot like you.

Elle pauses as Bill on the other line has his say. We don't hear his side, we stay with Elle as he talks. We can tell by her face, he's making some sense. After awhile she answers back;

ELLE
I guess.
(pause)
No, I don't need to guess, I know.
(pause)
Affirmative.
(pause)
I love you too, bye bye.

The female assassin puts the phone away and looks down at The comatose Bride with the open eyes. Even though her face is expressionless, she almost seems to be smiling.

ELLE
Thought that was pretty funny didn't ya? Word of advice shithead, don't you ever wake up.

Elle leans closer to the Bride's face.

ELLE
Ya know now I get a better look at you, you're not so damn pretty. Yeah, you got that Venus thing going for you but...ya know, now I get a closer look at you you're kinda weird looking. You got this big nose that doesn't fit with the rest of your face, your eyes are two different sizes. And look at your skin...My complexion is way better than yours --

The Bride does one of her motor reflex functions...She SPITS in Elle's face.

Elle springs up, wipes the spit off her cheek and looks down at The comatose Bride in her bed.

ELLE
Oh, no you didn't.

She grabs The Bride by the front of her hospital gown...

....Yanks her up to a sitting position...

...And PUNCHES her hard in the face.

ELLE
If you ever take your ass out of this goddamn bed for as long as you fuckin live, I will beat it into the ground, bitch!

INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Elle Driver in her nurse's uniform, angrily walks down the hallway. She passes by a DOCTOR, STRUGGLING WITH A PATIENT BLEEDING PROFUSELY on a gurney.

DOCTOR
(yelling)
Nurse come here quick, we're losing this man!

Elle doesn't even look back.

ELLE
Tough titty, I quit.

She walks out of the SHOT.

FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME
TITLE CARD:

Five years later.

CUT TO

INT - The COMATOSE BRIDE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The CAMERA is in a corner of the ceiling, looking down on the comatose Bride, who lies motionless in her bed.

WE HEAR the sound of a BUZZING MOSQUITO, doing loop de loops and figure eights in the air, looking for some warm blood.

The BUZZING stops...

MACRO CU
of mosquito on The Bride's forearm, its stinger dug in her flesh, visibly drawing blood from its host.

CU MOSQUITO'S FACE
drinking her blood.

MACROSHOT OF MOSQUITO ON FOREARM
drinking blood...when The Bride's hand comes into FRAME and SQUASHES the bug flat. Her fingers FLICK the dead bug away.

CU The Bride
her wide-open eyes, that have stared in a constant gaze for the last five years,
finally...slowly...softly...shut.

BEAT

They SUDDENLY POP OPEN.

The BRIDE SITS BOLT UPRIGHT IN BED.
She has no idea where the fuck she is. WE DO A SHAW BROTHERS-STYLE QUICK ZOOM INTO A CU OF HER FACE.

QUICK CUT TO A FLASHBACK SPAGHETTI-WESTERN STYLE
back at the wedding chapel, gun pointed down at our face.

THE BARREL EXPLODES LEAD AT US - BANG!

QUICK CUT BACK TO The BRIDE IN HER HOSPITAL BED,
BANG still echoing in her ears. She lets out a SCREAM OF PAIN and her hand goes to the side of her head, as if she were just shot.

Her hand feels the metal plate embedded in the side of her skull where the hole was. She knocks against it with her knuckle...it goes...TINK...TINK.

Suddenly she says out loud;

The BRIDE
My baby.

Her hand goes down to her belly, only to find it not swollen but flat. She doesn't understand, lifts up her hospital gown and sees a JAGGED SCAR which runs down her abdomen. Her fingertips trace it.

She quickly looks at the palm of her hand and counts the lines.

MACRO CU The LINES IN HER PALM look like a road map.

She stops counting, shocked;

The BRIDE
(to herself)
Five years.

She counts again.

The BRIDE
(a statement)
Five years.

The CAMERA moves into the Bride's face, her eyes go from pain to hate. The fuse of her vengeance has just been lit. With a fierce determination she throws off the blankets, whips her legs off the side of the bed, and tries to stand - then quickly falls out of frame. WE HEAR the CRASH BELOW FRAME.

The Bride is flat on the floor. Her legs and feet don't work. Which means she's stuck on the floor with only a functioning top half, and a completely useless bottom half. What's a girl to do?

INT - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The elevator doors to the hospital's underground parking lot open, revealing The Bride dressed in blue orderly scrubs in a wheelchair.

She wheels out of the elevator fast into the parking lot. Her arms spinning the wheels as she goes down the line of cars, looking for an open vehicle...she stops.

What made The Bride stop. The ass end of a big, yellow 4x4 hard-body pickup truck, with flames painted along the side, and the words, "PUSSY WAGON," written along the flat-bed hatch door. Pimpy font.

EX CU TRUCK DOOR LOCK IS OPEN

INT - BACKSEAT OF PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

The Bride pulls herself up into the backseat of the pickup truck. Once in the backseat, she shoves the wheelchair away.

It rolls out of control down the parking ramp, and CRASHES.

Now The Bride's lying vertically in the pickup truck's backseat. Seemingly out of danger - at least out of sight - but she's still stuck hiding in the hospital. And until she regains full use of her legs and feet, this little Bride ain't goin anywhere or doin anything.

Lying flat, with the back of her head propped up against the door, her long, lifeless legs stretched out in front of her, her two bare feet at the end of them, pointing to the sky, the Bride focuses her eyes, her stare, her thoughts, her strength, and all her concentration....on her big toe.

SLOW ZOOM INTO BIG TOE.....

SLOW ZOOM INTO HER FACE.....

SLOW ZOOM INTO BIG TOE.....

SLOW ZOOM INTO FACE.

The BRIDE
(monotone)
Wiggle your big toe.

Toe doesn't move an inch.

The BRIDE
Wiggle your big toe.

It doesn't move.

The BRIDE
Wiggle your big toe.
(VOICE OVER)
As I lay in the back of that pickup truck, trying to will my limbs out of entropy, I could see the faces of the cunts who did this to me, and the dick responsible. Members all of Bill's brainchild;
"The Deadly Viper Assassination Squad."

CUT TO

TITLE SEQUENCE

For what looks like a 60's television show about an ALL-GIRL HIT SQUAD, complete with its own LALO SHIFFRIN THEME MUSIC. Against a BRIGHT ORANGE BACKGROUND, A SNAKE WITH FIVE HEADS (All different breeds), DONE IN A COOL BUT LOW-BUDGET SPEED-RACER-STYLE OF ANIMATION, rears its heads to strike.

The IMAGE FREEZES...AND THE SHOW'S TITLE (In an especially cool font) AND LOGO (The black silhouette of four sexy gals each with a samurai sword hanging from their hip, and one guy in a black suit) APPEARS BENEATH IT.

"The DEADLY VIPER
ASSASSINATION SQUAD

the D.iV.A.S."

The SHOW CAST CREDITS START:

WE SEE The BRIDE doing something cool...FREEZE

SCREEN GOES ORANGE except for a SCOPE-SIGHT RIFLE GRAPHIC WITH CROSSHAIRS over The Bride's face. OFF TO THE SIDE IS HER IDENTIFYING CREDIT;

"Starring
(The Bride's real name is covered by a stamp
that reads)
CLASSIFIED
as
BLACK MAMBA"

A beautiful Japanese woman wielding a samurai sword - FREEZE
ORANGE B.G. SCOPE-SIGHT GRAPHIC

"Starring
O-REN ISHII
as
COTTONMOUTH"

VERNITA GREEN fighting with her knife - FREEZE
SAME GRAPHIC

"Starring
VERNITA GREEN
as
COPPERHEAD"

The cool-looking male, fighting opponents with incredible
strength - FREEZE
SAME GRAPHIC

"Starring
BUDD
as
SIDEWINDER"

ELLE DRIVER doing something cool - FREEZE
ORANGE B.G. SCOPE-SIGHT GRAPHIC;

"Starring
ELLE DRIVER
as
CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN SNAKE"

As the DEADLY VIPER ASSASSINATION SQUAD OPENING THEME
PLAYS WE SEE VARIOUS SHOTS of The Vipers (all dressed
alike in the same BLACK, SKINTIGHT CAT SUITS, except for
Budd, the male who wears a BLACK SUIT) all doing exciting
shit. It ends with the reappearance of the five-headed
snake logo, and the five, black silhouettes.

The FINAL CREDIT APPEARS;

"Created and Produced
by
BILL"

WE MOVE INTO A HEAD and SHOULDERS CU OF The BRIDE'S BLACK SILHOUETTE.

The BRIDE (VO)
Now after five years of beauty sleep I knew absolutely nothing about my enemies' strengths weakness or whereabouts. But as fated by God vengeance would have it, I who knew nothing - knew one thing. As sure as God made little green apples...

WE MOVE FAST TO O-REN ISHII'S SILHOUETTE, The SILHOUETTE BECOMES A POSED PICTURE OF O-REN in all her Deadly Viper glory.

The BRIDE (VO)
(continued)
....if O-Ren Ishii, the first name on my Death List, was still alive... she'd live in Japan. O-Ren Ishii, made her first acquaintance with death at the age of eleven.

FLASH ON
CU O-REN (11-years old), hiding under a bed, watching...

...her FATHER (dressed in the uniform of a sergeant for the American Army) fighting THREE YAKUZA GANGSTERS. He kills one with his bare hands. The other two slice him to death with samurai swords...

...and her MOTHER being raped by the same men. When they finish, they SHOOT her.

Little O-Ren watches, hidden from sight, with the eyes and face of a stone. This CU of the little O-Ren turns from live action to vivid color Japamation.

The BRIDE (VO)
It was at that age, a half-Chinese, half-Japanese American Army brat witnessed the murder of her Master Sergeant father. And the rape, then murder of her mother at the hands of Japan's most ruthless Yakuza boss, Boss Matsumoto. She swore revenge... luckily for her, Boss Matsumoto was a pedophile.

SHOCK CUT FILMED IN GLORIOUS JAPAMATION
O-REN ON TOP OF BOSS MATSUMOTO PLUNGING A HUGE KNIFE INTO HIS CHEST. A STREAM OF RED BLOOD SHOOTS UP OUT OF HIM like a geyser. Boss is naked, O-Ren wears a Japanese schoolgirl uniform.

The BRIDE (VO)
At thirteen, she got her revenge.

The Boss's screams cause TWO OF BOSS'S MEN to run into the room, only to be SHOT DOWN by O-Ren, as she removes a gun from a holster strapped to her thigh.

The 20-YEAR-OLD O-REN ISHII - JAPAMATION
on a rooftop with a high-powered, scope-sight rifle up to her eye. Her EYE is HUGELY MAGNIFIED in the SCOPE.

The BRIDE
By twenty, she was one of the top female assassins in the world.

She fires.

INT - CAR - DAY

A Central American General riding in the backseat of his government vehicle. TWO BEAUTIFUL LATIN WOMEN in one-piece bathing suits sit on either side of him. They both wear sashes down their front; one reads, "Miss Panama," the other reads, "Miss Venezuela." As we cut to this shot, he has both hands on each of their bare knees. He's laughing as the TOP OF HIS HEAD is BLOWN OFF.

The 25-YEAR-OLD O-REN ISHII - JAPAMATION
BEATING UP the pregnant Bride with the other Vipers...

The BRIDE (VO)
At twenty five she did her part in the killing of eight innocent people, including my unborn daughter, in a small wedding chapel in El Paso Texas. But on that day, five years ago, she made one big mistake...

POSED FIGURE of The BRIDE in all her her pre-beating bridal gown glory.

The BRIDE (VO)
...she should of killed nine. However, before satisfaction would be mine, first things first...

CU The BRIDE IN PICKUP TRUCK
An hour and a half later from the last time we saw her.

The BRIDE
Wiggle your big toe.

CU The BRIDE'S BIG TOE
wiggles - slightly.

The BRIDE
Hard part's over. Now let's get these other piggies wiggling.

FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME
SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"Thirteen Hours Later"

BEGIN MUSIC MONTAGE

FADE UP ON

INT - UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY

Pavement of the parking lot. We HEAR a CAR DOOR OPEN OFFSCREEN, then The Bride's bare foot comes from above FRAME, stepping down INTO The SHOT.

She walks around to the driver's side and climbs in.

She RIPS out the panel underneath the steering wheel, and hot wires the truck.

The two wires spark.

The truck's engine RUMBLES to life.

She spies a pair of Elvis T.C.B. SUNGLASSES lying on the dash. She puts them on.

EXT - TEXAS STREETS - DAY

The Bride drives the big yellow pussy wagon all over El Paso buying supplies.

EXT - EL PASO TOOL & DIE - DAY

The Bride's yellow pickup pulls into the parking lot of a giant tool supply outlet, "EL PASO TOOL & DIE," with a big sign over the building.

The Bride, in her bare feet and blue hospital scrubs, crosses the parking lot towards the store....
....bumping into an exiting CUSTOMER.

INT - EL PASO TOOL & DIE - DAY

As she enters the tool warehouse she takes out a wallet. It belongs to the customer in the parking lot. She checks it. There's money. She goes shopping.

She picks up a SHOVEL, a HAND PICKAXE, a big CAMPING FLASHLIGHT, a MAP OF TEXAS, work shoes, a writing NOTEBOOK, and a bunch of RED and BLACK FELT PENS.

A RINKY DINK GRAPHIC OF A ROAD MAP OF TEXAS
The Bride's yellow pickup drives from El Paso to the barren Texas wasteland.

EXT/INT - YELLOW TRUCK DRIVING IN DESERT (MOVING) - NIGHT

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD:
The truck shines its headlight beams on an open patch of prairie wasteland. We see dirt, rocks, plants, and an oil derrick pumping up and down.

The Bride STOPS the truck.

Taking her flashlight with her, The Bride walks into the headlight beams towards one rock on the ground in particular.

She lifts it off the ground, there's an X on its underside.

She smiles. If the X hadn't been there, she would have taken it as a sign that her vengeance quest was never meant to be. But as it is there, it would appear that fortune has smiled on The Bride and her bloody intentions.

She walks back to the truck, takes the shovel and the hand pickaxe out from the flatbed, reaches into the truck cab and CHANGES THE MUSIC TO A POUNDING HEAVY METAL ANTHEM.

CU The BRIDE'S FEET
next to the X ROCK
IN TIME WITH The METAL, The Bride's feet count out ten paces from the rock.
When the feet stop, the flashlight ENTERS THE SHOT illuminating the spot, THEN...the shovel ENTERS, striking deep in the unmarked earth.

EXT - TEXAS DESERT - NIGHT

Deep in the middle of Fuck-Knows Texas, lit by the headlights of the yellow 4x4, The Bride digs a hole in the ground.....TILL...

She HITS SOMETHING HARD.

She gets down on her knees, hacking away at the dirt with the hand pickaxe, till a large box covered in plastic is revealed. She hoists it up out of the earth.

She rips off the plastic, revealing a large, green Army footlocker, untouched by the condensation of being buried in the ground for over five years. Flipping the two locks open, she lifts the lid, placing the big camping flashlight on the rim.

Unfolding a sleeping bag long-ways, she bought at the department store. The Bride begins collecting the contents of her buried treasure, and laying them on the sleeping bag.

We see her remove them from the footlocker, one by one.

The HEAVY METAL CONTINUES ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

2 9mm AUTOMATICS, w/ AMMO
and HOLSTERS.

1 small HAND GUN, w/ AMMO
and HOLSTER (which fits around the thigh).

1 SNUB NOSE .38
w/ ANKLE HOLSTER.

1 double-edged SOG KNIFE
w/ HOLSTER.

1 old-fashioned STRAIGHT RAZOR

1 BLACK VERTICAL ATTACHE CASE.
She flips it open, and inside broken down into four separate pieces is a HIGH-POWERED, SCOPE-SIGHT RIFLE.

1 MANILA ENVELOPE.
She reaches in and pulls out a PHOTOCOPY OF HER SONOGRAM. There on the page is a photocopy of her unborn baby girl. A fierce grimness crosses her face as she places the sonogram back in the envelope.

1 CASE containing 14 FORGED PASSPORTS and DRIVER'S LICENSES in 14 different names, including one w/the name "CANDY RALSTON" on it that includes a bank book.

1 SMALL KEY attached to a "DEADLY VIPERS" KEY CHAIN.

She rolls up the weapons in the sleeping bag and climbs into the yellow pussy wagon, and starts the engine that sets into motion the gory story to follow. The HEAVY METAL CONTINUES...

CU SIGN reading, COMMONWEALTH BANK OF TEXAS

INT - COMMONWEALTH BANK OF TEXAS - DAY

CU The BRIDE
standing at a teller window, she holds up her key.

INSERT: 1 BANK BOOK and 1 DRIVER'S LICENSE w/ The Bride's photo on it and the name "CANDY RALSTON" on each.

INT - SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULT - DAY

The Bride, with a big athletic bag slung over her shoulder, watches a TELLER remove three safety deposit boxes.

INT - PRIVATE AREA - DAY

Where you look inside your safety deposit box by yourself.

The Bride opens up the first box....

...It's filled w/ CASH.

She opens up the second box....

...It's filled w/ CASH.

She opens up the third box....

...It's filled w/ CASH.

AS The HEAVY METAL CONTINUES...WE see The BRIDE leaving the bank, all the weapons she needs, all the money she needs, taking the first step on her bloody trail...

INT - AIRPORT - DAY

A JAPANESE WOMAN working the ticket counter of a Japanese airline.

The Bride stands in front of the counter.

The BRIDE
One ticket, Okinawa, Japan.
First class.

JAPANESE WOMAN
Can I see your passport?

The Bride holds up one of the phony ones.

The BRIDE
Beverly Adams.

A RINKY DINK GRAPHIC OF A MAP OF JAPAN
The tiny figure of a black AIRPLANE flies over the map, leaving a dotted-line trail behind it. We move into the black airplane and DISSOLVE to

BLACK FRAME
TITLE CARD:

Chapter Three

The MAN From
OKINAWA

FADE UP ON

INT - SUSHI BAR (OKINAWA, JAPAN) - DAY

The ENTRANCE to a tiny sushi bar, covered by a Japanese curtain....

SUBTITLE APPEARS:

"The City of
OKINAWA, JAPAN"

....The fabric is moved aside, and The Bride enters the shot, and the tiny establishment.

The little fish and sake bar is the definition of the word cozy. Besides The Bride, the only other person inside is The SUSHI CHEF, who smiles at her behind the midget bar.

This Japanese man in his mid-fifties, greets the tall, blonde Western girl with a turned-on-for-the-tourists affability.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
English?

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Almost -- American.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Ahhhh,...America, welcome...Welcome...
My English -- Very good.

The Bride smiles at this and walks further inside. She doesn't come across as one of the world's deadliest assassins, but instead as a sweet, slightly airheaded, American tourist.

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Domo.

The Sushi Chef gives an exaggerated look of surprise, and says;

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Oh, "Domo," Very good -- Very good, you speak Japanese?

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Nooo, just a few words I learned since yesterday. - May I sit at the bar?

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Sure sure sure - sit. What other words did you learn - excuse me --

The Sushi Chef YELLS IN JAPANESE, to someone OFFSCREEN.

The Bride thinks the restaurant so small it's almost hard to imagine there could be a back room to it.

Before getting a response from whoever it was he was yelling to a moment ago, The Sushi Chef turns back to The Bride.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
-- What other Japanese you learn?

The Bride puts on a thinking face.

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Oh...let's see...."Arigato."

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
"Arigato"...Very good.

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
..."Ah-So"...

SUSHI CHEF (JAPANESE)
"Ah-So!" You know what "Ah-So" means?

The BRIDE
"I See."

SUSHI CHEF
I see - Very good.

The BRIDE
I already said "Domo," right?

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Yes.

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
"Kon-netie-wa."

The Sushi Chef goes "Ooooh," like he's just discovered the answer to a mystery.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
..."Kon-nichi-wa"...repeat please.

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
"Kon-nichi-wa?"

Saying with surprise and admiration;

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Most impressive...you say Japanese words, like you Japanese.

The Bride smiles and lets loose with a girlish giggle.

The BRIDE
Now you're making fun of me.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
No no no - serious business. Pronunciation - very good. You say "Arigato"...like we say "Arigato."

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Well, thank you - I mean...arigato.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
You should learn Japanese - very easy.

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
No kidding, I heard it's kinda hard.

Whenever the Sushi Chef doesn't either hear you or understand you, he yells the word;

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
What!

And everybody always speaks LOUDER and CLEARER immediately afterwards.

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
I always heard it was difficult.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Yes yes yes - most difficult. But you have Japanese tongue.

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Maybe I was Japanese in another life.

The Sushi Chef proclaims as if he should know;

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Most definitely, most definitely Japanese in another life.

He sets an order of colorful, raw fish in front of the young blonde woman.

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
How did you know tuna's my favorite?

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
What!

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Tuna's my favorite.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Ah, thank you very much.

He YELLS OFFSCREEN in Japanese again. A little BALD JAPANESE MAN with a shitty attitude, comes out from the back room. He heads for the tall blonde asking in a grumbly voice in the Okinawan dialect, "What she wants to drink?"

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
(to the bald man)
I beg your pardon?

The Sushi Chef pantomimes drinking.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
- Drink -

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Oh yes, a bottle of warm sake.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Ahhh sake,
(he holds up his thumb)
very good.

In Japanese he YELLS/ORDERS the warm sake, the little Bald Man disappears. The Bride takes a bite out of her fish; it's awful, but she doesn't let on.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
First time in Japan?

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
A-huh.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
What!

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Yes, this is my first time.

As the chef slices the next portion with a large knife, he asks;

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
What brings you to Okinawa?

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
I came to see a man.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Aaahh, you have friend live in Okinawa?

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Not quite.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Not friend?

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
I've never met him.

The Sushi Chef continues slicing.....

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
Who is he, may I ask?

The BRIDE
Hattori Hanzo.

There's a break in the Sushi Chef's slicing. After a beat, he brings a bloody finger INTO FRAME and sticks it in his mouth.

The little Bald man appears with a bottle of warm sake, he pours one for The Bride, then disappears again.

As The Bride sips the sake, she looks at the chef.

As The Sushi Chef sucks his finger, he looks at The Bride.

The Sushi Chef drops the voice he had been using up to that point...and IN JAPANESE SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH asks;

SUSHI CHEF (JAPANESE)
What do you want with Hattori Hanzo?

The Bride answers in Japanese;

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
I need Japanese steel.

SUSHI CHEF (JAPANESE)
Why do you need Japanese steel?

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
I have vermin to kill.

SUSHI CHEF (ENGLISH)
You must have big rats you need Hattori Hanzo steel.

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Huge.

INT - HATTORI HANZO'S ATTIC - DAY

The trap door in the floor opens up, and HATTORI HANZO (Sushi Chef), climbs inside the room, followed by The Bride.

The room has many handcrafted samurai swords in hand-carved wooden sheaths resting on wooden racks running the length of the second half of the attic.

The Bride walks down the row of Japanese steel, looking and touching the shiny wood. She looks behind her to Hanzo who is still by the trap door, and says;

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
May I?

The Sushi Chef answers in ENGLISH;

HANZO (ENGLISH)
Yes you may....

She starts to reach for one...

HANZO (ENGLISH)
...try the second one down in the sixth row on your left.

She finds it lying sleeping in its shiny, black sheath.

Her hand lifts it from the rack.

She UNSHEATHS the steel, partially....then with GREAT FLOURISH....completely.

Hanzo's mouth forms a smile.

HANZO (ENGLISH)
Funny, you like samurai swords...

He pulls a baseball out of his pocket.

HANZO (ENGLISH)
...I like baseball.

THEN SUDDENLY - HE THROWS THE BASEBALL HARD, right at The Bride's head....

QUICK AS A WHIP, SHE SLICES THE BALL IN HALF, IN MID AIR.

The two perfectly cut baseball pieces, hit the floor.

He gives her a slight nod, then crosses the attic towards her.

HANZO (JAPANESE)
I wanted to show you these....
However someone as you, who knows so much must surely know, I no longer make instruments of death. I keep these here for their ascetic and sentimental value.
(he takes both sword and sheath from her...)
Yet proud tho I am of my life's work...
(...he closes them together)
I am retired.

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Then give me one of these.

HANZO (ENGLISH)
These are not for sale.

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
I didn't say, sell me, I said, give me.

HANZO (ENGLISH)
And why should I be obliged to assist you in the extermination of your vermin?

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Because my vermin, is a former student of yours. And considering the student, I'd say you had a rather large obligation.

Hattori Hanzo goes to a dusty window, and writes the name, "BILL," on it with his finger.

The blonde girl nods her head yes.

The proud warrior moves over to the door in the floor, throwing it open.

He points into a corner...

HANZO (JAPANESE)
...You can sleep there...

.....starts to descend....

HANZO (JAPANESE)
...it will take me a week to make the sword...

.....before his head disappears, he says;

HANZO (JAPANESE)
...I suggest you spend it practicing.

...he closes the door behind him.

She smiles slightly...then moves over to the window, takes out a handkerchief, and wipes Bill's name off.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK
TITLE APPEARS:

"One week later"

Under black we hear Hattori Hanzo's voice in Japanese and read the subtitles;

HANZO (VO; JAPANESE)
I'm done doing what I swore an oath to God 28 years ago to never do again. I've created, "something that kills people." And in that purpose I was a success.

FADE UP ON

CU HATTORI HANZO

HANZO (JAPANESE)
I've done this, because philosophically I'm sympathetic to your aim.

EX CU The HANZO SWORD
TRACKING EX CU of the Hanzo sword in its shiny, black wood sheath. At the base of the sheath, by the handle, he's carved the face of a lioness...

HANZO (VO; JAPANESE)
I can tell you with no ego, this is my finest sword. If on your journey, you should encounter God, God will be cut.

CU HANZO

HANZO (JAPANESE)
Revenge is never a straight line. It's a forest. And like a forest it's easy to lose your way...to get lost... to forget where you came in.

(MORE)

HANZO (JAPANESE) (CONT'D)
To serve as a compass, a combat philosophy must be adopted that can be found in the secret doctrine of the Yagu Ninja. And now my yellow-haired warrior, repeat after me;.

We go back and forth between CU of HANZO reciting the doctrine like a samurai drill instructor and the Bride repeating it.

HANZO (JAPANESE)
"When engaged in combat, the vanquishing of thine enemy can be the warrior's only concern...

The Bride repeats this...

HANZO (JAPANESE)
...This is the first and cardinal rule of combat...

The Bride repeats this...

HANZO (JAPANESE)
...Suppress all human emotion and compassion...

The Bride repeats this...

HANZO (JAPANESE)
...Kill whoever stands in thy way, even if that be Lord God, or Buddha himself...

The Bride repeats this....

HANZO (JAPANESE)
This truth lies at the heart of the art of combat. Once it is mastered... thou shall fear no one... Though the devil himself may bar thy way...

The Bride repeats this...her eyes look at the greatest maker of swords on this earth and says;

The BRIDE

Domo.

EX CU The Hanzo Sword,
her white hand with her long fingers COMES INTO FRAME and removes the beautiful, artful instrument of vengeance.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK
TITLE CARD:

Chapter Four

SHOWDOWN
at
HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES

CUT TO

A BLANK PIECE OF DRAWING PAPER
A hand comes in and, as the Bride talks over this image, draws with a piece of charcoal, a portrait of the geisha-regaled O-REN ISHII.

The BRIDE (VO)
When fortune smiles on something as violent and ugly as revenge, at the time it seems proof like no other, that not only does God exist, you're doing his will. At a time when I knew the least about my enemies, the first name on my death list, was the easiest to find. But of course, when one manages the difficult task of becoming queen of the Tokyo underworld, one doesn't keep it a secret, does one?

INT - JAPANESE NIGHT CLUB

O-Ren has just become the official leader of crime in the city of Tokyo. The six Yakuza clan bosses, each with TWO BODYGUARDS standing behind them, toast their new leader, with much laughter and drinking...all except one...BOSS TANAKA.

The BRIDE (VO)
And just in case you're wondering how could a half breed Japanese-Chinese American become the boss of all criminal activity in Tokyo, Japan, ...I'll tell you. The subject of O-Ren's blood and nationality came up before the council only once. The night O-Ren assumed power over the crime council.

Boss Tanaka is the picture of angered ambiance among the alcohol-fueled frivolity.

The BRIDE (VO)
The man who seems bound and determined to break the mood is Boss Tanaka. And what Boss Tanaka thinks is...

Boss Tanaka brings his fist down on the table, smashing the plate in front of him into itty bitty pieces.

The party comes to a halt as all eyes go to the leader of the Tanaka Crime Family.

CRIME FAMILY LEADER #2
(JAPANESE)
Tanaka? What's the meaning of this outburst? This is a time for celebration.

BOSS TANAKA (JAPANESE)
And what exactly should I be celebrating? The perversion of our illustrious council?

The Bosses all react with shock and outrage...O-Ren remains cool. She raises her voice for the first word, but lowers it for the rest of the sentence.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Gentlemen...Boss Tanaka obviously has something on his mind. Allow him to express it.

BOSS TANAKA (JAPANESE)
My father...
(looking at a clan head)
...along with yours and...
(looking at another)
...along with yours, started this council. And while you drink like fish and laugh like donkeys, they weep in the afterlife over the perversion committed today.

The BOSSES react again...O-Ren;

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Silence!
(then composed)
Of what perversion do you speak, Tanaka?

Boss Tanaka looks at the female half-breed American and says;

BOSS TANAKA (JAPANESE)
I speak, Mistress Ishii,....of the perversion done to this council, which I love more than my own children,...by making a half-Chinese American its leader.

Then...

Faster than you can say Jimminy Cricket,...

O-Ren's samurai sword is unsheathed...

Boss Tanaka's head is liberated from its body...

The head hits the floor...

And from the spot between its shoulder blades, a geyser of blood shoots up in the air.

The BOSSES who were shocked at Tanaka's words are even more flabbergasted at O-Ren's response.

The two bodyguard's, standing behind Boss Tanaka, hands go to their swords and draw them.

O-Ren turns her blade in their direction.

The Bosses and their bodyguards say nothing,...only watch.

The lady looks across at the two men and says in an authoritative voice;

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Fight me or work for me.

They look at her for a moment, then they lower their swords.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Drop them on the ground.

They do.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Get behind me.

They do.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Get on your knees.

They do.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Put your foreheads to the floor.

They do.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Keep your mouths shut.

You better believe they do.

The mistress' eyes go to the other bosses looking at her.

As she speaks English, bodyguard translators translate for their bosses.

O-REN
I'm going to say this in English so you know how serious I am. As your leader, I encourage you to -- from time to time and always in a respectful manner, and with the complete knowledge that my decision is final -- to question my logic. If you're unconvinced a particular plan of action I've decided is the wisest, tell me so.

(MORE)

O-REN (CONT'D)
But allow me to convince you. And I will promise you, right here and now, no subject will be taboo... except the subject that was just under discussion.

O-Ren takes her sword and skewers the fallen head of Tanaka on it and then lifts it up in front of her as she speaks.

O-REN (ENGLISH)
The price you pay for bringing up either my Chinese or my American heritage as a negative is, I collect your fuckin head.
(now completely American)
Just like this fucker here. Now if any of you sonsabitches got anything else to say, now's the fuckin time.

Nobody says anything.

O-REN (ENGLISH)
I didn't think so.
(pause)
Meeting adjourned.

CUT TO

O-REN ISHII IN TOKYO, dressed in traditional Japanese regalia (looking like an ancient Emperor's daughter), riding in the back of a Mercedes, surrounded by TEN YOUNG MEN in black suits w/Kato masks over their eyes driving motorcycles.

O-REN and The TEN BLACK-SUITED SOLDIERS walking down the street together.

The BRIDE at the Okinawa airport buying a ticket for Tokyo.

The AIPLANE flying through the air, SHOT FROM BELOW.

O-REN and her SOLDIERS drive through a signage-lit Tokyo night.

The AIRPLANE flies over the blue blinking lights of Tokyo.

The BRIDE looks out the airplane window down at the city of Tokyo. The SHOT SHOULD BE AT AN ANGLE, where Tokyo looks very tiny, and The Bride looks like a giant peering down on the city she intends to destroy. She smiles, satisfaction is getting closer.

O-REN and her SOLDIERS enter a tunnel.

CU O-REN...in the back seat.

CU YUKI YUBARI - her seventeen-year old bodyguard behind the wheel.

The AIRPLANE LANDS IN TOKYO.

TRAVELING SHOT MOVING THROUGH the STREETS OF TOKYO AT LIGHTSPEED. A MOTORCYCLE RIDER ENTERS the SHOT ZOOMING THROUGH A GLITTERING AND BLINKING TOKYO-WHITE NIGHT. The rider is dressed in an all-yellow (except for a black stripe that runs down the length of both sides) skin-tight leather motocross outfit and a yellow and black crash helmet with a smoked glass window. The bike is one of those fast-as-fuckin hell little Kawasaki rice burners.

WE GO INTO SUPERMAN X-RAY VISION and look through the helmet, TO SEE THE BRIDE'S FACE between the handlebars of the two-wheel rocket.

SIDE SHOT OF O-REN'S LAWYER SOFIE FATALE - A beautiful half-French, half-Japanese woman - behind the wheel of a Mazda xoxoxo barnstorming through the streets of Tokyo as if she were driving down her own private lane.

WE SEE the MOTORCYCLE
following behind Sofie's Mazda.

SOLE OF the BRIDE'S MOTOCROSS BOOT in F.G.
following Mazda in B.G.

EX CU SOFIE'S TOES
sticking out of Prada pumps, pushing down on gas pedal.

SIDEVIEW TRAVELING SHOT ALONGSIDE SOFIE
The lights and colors of Tokyo whizz by.

SIDEVIEW TRAVELING SHOT ALONGSIDE The BRIDE
The lights and colors of Tokyo whizz by.

INT - SOFIE'S MAZDA (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sofie behind the wheel, on her car phone, laughing with the party on the other end.

SOFIE SPEAKS IN JAPANESE SUBTITLED IN ENGLISH

SOFIE (JAPANESE)
Come on now O-Ren, be fair, you've said that about everybody at one time or another.

ALONGSIDE SOFIE in the Mazda, when...The Bride on her rocket, ENTERS FRAME ALONGSIDE OF HER.

LIGHT TURNS RED.

The MAZDA and the MOTORCYCLE stop alongside each other.

The BRIDE
on the rocket, with the spooky faceless helmet over her head, looks at the driver alongside of her.

SOFIE
SHOT THROUGH HER DRIVER'S SIDE CAR DOOR WINDOW
(Oblivious of the rider beside her), happily chatting away on the phone. We can't hear through the glass, but we...

...CUT IN CLOSER...and CLOSER...and CLOSER still....

As we cut in closer to Sofie, we do the same thing towards The Bride on her faceless helmet.

WE SEE

WEDDING CHAPEL
The Bride, beaten up, on the floor. She looks to the side and sees,

SOFIE FATALE
at the massacre, next to Bill, talking on a cell phone...

CUT TO

EXT - THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES - JAPANESE RESTAURANT

CAMERA FLOATS TOWARDS the entrance of the fancy old-world-style Japanese restaurant, "The HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES."

Snow lightly falls in front of us.

A smiling Japanese MAITRE'D, with a sweeping arm gesture, welcomes us in...The ENTIRE O-REN ISHII CREW ENTER THE SHOT.

EXT - THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES

The entire O-Ren Ishii crew moves through the restaurant. The CUSTOMERS all look up now as the crew passes.. The restaurant staff acts as if the Shogun himself has just showed up on their doorstep demanding a meal. No doubt if the meal is not satisfactory the staff will gladly slice off a finger. The door to a private dining room is slid open, the crew steps inside, the door is slid shut.

INT - PRIVATE DINING AREA (RESTAURANT) - NIGHT

The private dining area of the Japanese restaurant. The patrons are surrounded by white paper walls. The CAMERA CIRCLES around O-REN ISHII,

The BRIDE (VO)
It was one year after the massacre in El Paso Texas, that Bill backed his Nippon progeny financially and philosophically in her Shakespearian - in-magnitude power struggle with the other Yakuza clans, over who would rule vice in the city of Tokyo. It was the now always geisha-regaled-in-public O-Ren and her powerful posse that proved the victor.

Sitting next to her on the left is her beautiful female lawyer, SOFIE FATALE...

The BRIDE (VO)
...The pretty lady who's dressed like she's a villain on "Star Trek" is O-Ren's lawyer and second lieutenant, the half-French, half-Japanese Sofie Fatale.

FLASH ON
EX CU OF AN EYEBALL (The BRIDE'S)

Sitting to O-Ren's left is her personal bodyguard, seventeen-year old YUKI YUBARI, who's dressed in a Japanese schoolgirl's uniform complete with plaid skirt and matching blazer.

The BRIDE (VO)
The young girl in the schoolgirl uniform is her personal bodyguard, seventeen-year-old Yuki Yubari...

FLASH ON
EX CU EYEBALL

The bunch of mop-topped young men and women, who all wear black suits, white shirts, thin black ties, and Kato masks over their eyes are her soldiers, "The Crazy 88."

The BRIDE (VO)
The mop tops in black suits and Kato masks were O-Ren's soldiers, "The Crazy 88."

SUDDENLY O-Ren hears something. Like a deer in the forest, her head springs up on alert. It's almost as if she's listening to The Bride's narration.

The Bride's NARRATION SUDDENLY STOPS IN MIDSENTENCE --

O-Ren removes a SMALL DAGGER-DART from the folds of her robe and THROWS IT in the direction of the sound.

CU The BRIDE
on the other side of the private dining room's paper wall. The DART FLIES THROUGH The PAPER, STREAKS BY HER FACE, almost taking off the tip of her nose in the process.

INSERT: DART EMBEDS ITSELF IN A WOOD POST.

O-Ren's action instantly brings the room's frivolity to a halt. Mistress Ishii silently orders Yuki to retrieve the eavesdropper.

INT - JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The white paper door to O-Ren's dining room SLAMS OPEN. Yuki steps into the corridor.

All trace of the Bride has vanished.

She looks out over the restaurant, patrons look normal.

Whoever was there is gone now.

Yuki removes the small dagger from the wood post and goes back into the private dining room, SLAMMING the door behind them.

ONE SHOT

CU The BRIDE
at the bar, in her yellow motocross outfit, drinking a colorful cocktail. She observes all the activity by O-Ren's private dining room. When Yuki goes back inside, the Bride climbs off her barstool and goes through the restaurant...into the parking area...and up to her rental car. She opens the door, unzips her yellow leather motocross outfit. Underneath is a one-piece yellow track suit with a black stripe going down both sides, like the one Bruce Lee wears in "Game of Death." She tosses the leathers in the trunk, then removes the sheathed Hanzo sword. With the sword of vengeance in her hand, we follow her back inside the restaurant. She looks upstairs to the O-Ren dining room. We see Sofie Fatale slide open the door and walk down the stairs. Sofie makes her way to the bathroom...

INT - HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Bride's yellow sneakers enter the water closet.

Sofie's black Prada pumps are on the floor of a toilet stall.

The Bride leans back against the wall, locks the door.

Sofie sits in the stall...when she HEARS;

The Bride's fist tap gently against the stall door.

Sofie says in Japanese;

SOFIE (JAPANESE)
I'll be done in a moment.

Then she hears a female voice ask in English;

The BRIDE (OS; ENGLISH)
Sofie Fatale?

THRILLER MUSIC CUE

SOFIE (ENGLISH)
Yes?

The BRIDE (OS; ENGLISH)
You and I have unfinished business.

The BRIDE VIOLENTLY KICKS OPEN THE TOILET STALL - and stands over the terrified Sofie.

INT - O-REN'S PRIVATE ROOM

Aside from drinking like fishes, what is the queen of the Tokyo underworld - Mistress O-Ren Ishii - and her private army doing when we cut back?

Singing karaoke, of course.

It's Crazy 88 MIKI'S turn at the mike and he's having a whale of a good time singing Dionne Warwick's "Walk On By," in Japanese....

WHEN...

A COMMOTION is heard being made by the restaurant staff and the other patrons, from the other side of the white paper wall...Just as they all start to notice it, they hear;

The BRIDE (OS) (JAPANESE)
O-Ren Ishii! You and I have unfinished business!

The Crazy 88 spring to their feet. One slides open the door.

They see O-Ren's lawyer, Sofie Fatale, standing in the middle of the restaurant, her left arm completely outstretched, hand gripped around a post. She has a terrified look on her face. Before anybody on O-Ren's side of the room can say anything...The Bride steps out from behind Sofie.

O-REN'S
reaction shows how effective the element of surprise turned out to be. She says The Bride's name softly to herself; it's BLEEPED OUT.

The Bride
The VENGEANCE THEME BURSTS ON THE SOUNDTRACK...The Vein on her forehead begins to pulsate. WE DO A QUICK SHAW BROTHERS ZOOM INTO HER EYES. A SPAGHETTI-WESTERN FLASHBACK of O-Ren beating the shit outta her at the wedding chapel IS SUPERIMPOSED OVER HER EYES. The FLASHBACK DISSOLVES, we ZOOM BACK OUT INTO A CU, the vein stops pulsating, and the theme STOPS PLAYING OVER THE SOUNDTRACK, LEAVING A CLEAN, COLORFUL CU of The Bride loaded for bear.

She raises her Hanzo sword, and Slices off Sofie's Arm at the Shoulder with one stroke.

SOFIE
Spewing and Gushing Blood from her stump, twists her body in agony, painting the floor and the walls with giant Splashes of Red, as her body hits the floor, twitching in both surprise and shock.

The CRAZY 88
run out into the dining area and create a human wall between themselves and their Mistress.

YUKI YUBARI
takes her position in front of O-Ren.

O-REN
seated in a shogun's seat, rises furiously to her feet.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
You bastard!

The Bride does a swipe in the air with her sword; Sofie's blood flies off the blade.

The entire floor of the dining room lies between the two warring parties.

The Bride
vs.
The Crazy 88

The restaurant's STAFF and PATRONS sit or stand rigidly in fear.

The Bride says loudly to the room;

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Sorry everybody, but I'm afraid we're going to have to close the place. There's some private business that we must attend to now.

The Staff and The Customers Stampede the exits.

The Bride, The Crazy 88, and O-Ren hold their ground without moving a muscle, till the dining room, as well as the entire restaurant known as "The House of Blue Leaves," is deserted of every human not engaged in the face-off that precedes combat.

O-Ren gives a simple order;

O-REN
Miki.

MIKI, one of The Crazy 88 (The little one), steps forward, unsheaths his sword, and yells at the yellow clad blonde.

MIKI (JAPANESE)
You had it bastard!

Raising his samurai sword high, he Charges, Screaming A Banzai Scream...

The Bride turns to face him.

Miki Charging and Screaming...

The Bride slowly raises the Hanzo Sword into Striking Position.

Miki Charging and Screaming, almost on top of her.

The Bride, sword in position, waits for her opponent to arrive.

Miki arrives at his destination, he Swings...

The Bride Swings...

The Hanzo Sword Slices Miki's inferior blade in half. Miki looks down at the impotent weapon in his hand.

The Bride Thrusts her sword through Miki's abdomen, then Lifts the little guy off the ground straight up in the air.

Miki screaming, Impaled on her blade like a fish at the end of a spear. Held up in the air, restaurant light fixtures in the B.G.

O-Ren and her crew watch stunned.

The Bride Drops the shishkabobbed Miki into the koi pond that starts outside the restaurant and ends inside, with a huge blue splash. Koi pond - Blue water - Orange and yellow fish - Red blood - Dead man.

The BRIDE
looks up from the pond, across the length of the floor, into the eyes of O-Ren Ishii.

O-Ren
her eyes narrow with rage. She Screams out another order;

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Tear the bitch apart!

The seven remaining Crazy 88 unsheath their swords at the same time with a GREAT SOUND EFFECT.

They circle the Bride.

The BRIDE
Inside the circle of Combatants who surrounded her. She Whips the sword out of the floor and raises her blade diagonally in front of her. Her eyes are reflected in the shiny steel.

Holding her sword in the diagonal position, The Bride can see reflected in the shiny blade, whoever stands behind her.

The six crazy 88 Attack...

The BRIDE
does a Zatoichi-like SWISH-SLASH-SWISH with her steel blade.

Four boys die an immediate samurai blade-inflicted death, SCREAMING GRUNT, TWITCHING BODY, FROZEN IN THE STANCE IT WAS SLASHED IN, RED BLOOD SQUIRTING FROM WOUNDS, THEN A CRASHING COLLAPSE TO THE FLOOR.

The last two put up more of a fight...but then one of them is SLASHED and FALLS and the last one is SLASHED AND CRASHES THROUGH the restaurant's big picture window.

EX CU The EYES
of The Bride, pointed down at the bodies by her feet,

...BEAT

...they look back up at O-Ren.

O-REN
Her eyes narrow.

The BRIDE
swipes the air with her sword, the blood of the dead attackers flies off.

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Any more subordinates for me to kill?

Yuki says;

YUKI (JAPANESE)
One last one.

YUKI
steps forward and descends the stairs towards The Bride.

THE BRIDE
says to the young girl;

The BRIDE
Yuki?

YUKI (ENGLISH)
Bingo!
(JAPANESE)
And you're Black Mamba.

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Our reputations precede us.

YUKI (JAPANESE)
Yes.

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Yuki, I know you feel you must protect your mistress....but I beg you...walk away.

Yuki giggles as she reaches the bottom of the stairs.

YUKI (JAPANESE)
You call that begging?

She removes her weapon; it's not a Samurai sword. It's a heavy metal ball at the end of a long chain.

YUKI (JAPANESE)
You can beg better than that?

She begins TWIRLING it above her head. Each rotation makes a WHOOSH sound in the air.

BALL AND CHAIN
in a 3-D-like effect; the metal ball comes right at us.

The BRIDE
ducks out of the way, the heavy ball destroying a large chunk of wood post behind her.

YUKI
eyes focused on her enemy....WHOOSH....WHOOSH....WHOOSH.... she lets fly...

The ball and chain wrap around the blade of the Hanzo sword...

...Yuki yanks...

...the Hanzo sword FLIES out of her grip.

YUKI
smiles...then...WHOOSH...WHOOSH...she LETS FLY. It strikes The Bride in the chest, knocking her on her back...

...Yuki twirls it over her head and sends it towards The Bride on the floor. The Bride rolls out of the way, the metal ball PUNCHES a hole in an overturned table instead.

The weaponless Bride wrestles a table leg loose from its purpose.

She hops up on a table, table leg in hand, ready to fight.

Yuki hops up on a table...

As they fight they hop from table to table...

Yuki throws her ball and chain...

...The Bride - QUICK AS A WHIP...

BATS it away with the table leg.

Yuki lets loose with the ball and chain...

...The Bride - BATS it away...

Again Yuki TWIRLS and THROWS...

...The Bride grabs the table leg with both hands, and like a baseball player, literally BATS the metal ball...

The METAL BALL spins back around on its chain HITTING YUKI in the back of her head...

Sending her into a mid-air SOMERSAULT CRASHING THROUGH a table onto the floor.

Yuki comes off the ground quick.

The Bride jumps down to the floor.

Yuki presses a button and a BIG SAW BLADE APPEARS OUT OF THE METAL BALL...Yuki begins swinging the saw blade over her head. The blade makes a different sounding WHOOSH...

Yuki lets fly...

The chain wraps around The Bride's neck, and the blade buries itself in a post.

Yuki yanks on the chain...

Choaking The Bride where she stands.

...with the chain separating them...
...they struggle...

Yuki moves around the floor, getting another loop around The Bride's neck...

....The Bride is getting weak...
....she goes down to one knee...

....then somersaults towards Yuki on the floor, bringing the table leg, which has a couple of nasty-looking nails in it, down on the toe of the young Japanese girl's white tennis shoe. The nail's sticking in, the white shoe becomes stained with red.

Yuki screams, but doesn't let go of the chain...

....With the Bride on the ground, she places her knee against the blonde's back and pulls the chain against her neck harder.

The chain digs into The Bride's throat.

The Bride brings the table leg hard against the Japanese girl's thigh. The nails cut through the plaid school uniform skirt into her flesh...The Bride rips out the nails, taking some leg meat with them.

Yuki SCREAMS, letting loose of the chain...

The Bride spins around, HITTING YUKI in the side of the face and the head with the nail part of the stick...

The nails go into the young girl's cheek, ear, and skull...She falls to the floor twitching...

The Bride unwraps the chain around her neck, and begins breathing air into her lungs.

While The Bride breathes, Yuki lies on the floor twitching.

The Bride rises from the floor, walks over to where her Hanzo sword lay on the ground. She picks it up, walks across the floor where Yuki lay...then spears her.

The young girl will not get any older.

The Bride's eyes go to the last remaining combatant...

O-Ren Ishii.

WHEN...

We hear a LOUD SOUND of many ENGINES behind the Bride. Then behind her, through the broken picture window we see seventeen motorcycles pull up to the parking lot. All the riders wear black suits with Kato masks, and all carry samurai swords.

The BRIDE
looks from the reinforcements to O-Ren.

O-REN
smiles.

O-REN (ENGLISH)
(to the Bride)
You didn't think it was going to be that easy, did you?

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
(to O-Ren)
You know, for a second there, yeah I did.

O-Ren smiles...

O-REN (ENGLISH)
Silly rabbit...

Both O-Ren and the Bride finish the phrase together,...

O-REN/The BRIDE
...Trix are for kids.

This is something they used to say back when they fought alongside of each other as "Vipers."

The seventeen Crazy 88 reinforcements come running into the restaurant and with drawn swords surround The Bride.

As a HEAVY METAL COMBAT BEAT begins to PULSATE ON THE SOUNDTRACK, The Boys and The Bride have a Spaghetti Western Stand-off.

We do a 360 INSIDE the CIRCLE of The Crazy 88, who surround the yellow-haired warrior. Not all have Samurai swords; one JUGGLES TWO HATCHETS, another TWIRLS A THREE-STAFF TRIPLE IRON over his head.

As the Heavy Metal music builds...We Cut to various Shots of The Two Opposing Forces Preparing to Strike....Hands on Sword Handles...Feet finding Combat Stance...etc...

....Until Heavy Metal reaches its Breaking Point...

...At that point, the Metal EXPLODES OVER THE SOUNDTRACK ...IN TIME WITH The BRIDE EXPLODING INTO A VIOLENT KILLING MACHINE ON SCREEN.

As she matches skill with the army of black-suited boys, arms flailing, silver blade Clashing and Slashing, long blonde hair whipping like a whirling dervish....
...She's a Goddess of War Venus.

Not only is the FIGHT CUT TO THE HEAVY METAL MUSIC, but The Bride seems to be somewhat dancing to it as she fights.

This explosion of furious violence is punctuated CINEMATICALLY BY THE COLOR IN THE FILM POPPING OFF, and the fight being filmed in HIGH CONTRAST BLACK AND WHITE, turning the squirting, spewing geysers of BLOOD FROM CRIMSON RED TO OIL BLACK.

Many members of The Crazy 88 are Sliced, Slashed, and liberated from the limbs they were born with at The Bride's blade.

<u>Some SPECIFIC MOMENTS</u>

While Clashing swords, The Bride whips the sog out of its holster, and Throws it...

....It Twirls Through the Air...

...Embedding itself longways in one of the boy's faces.

The Bride does a Mid-Air Somersault over the head of an Attacker, landing solid on her feet behind him...Slash, he's Out.

The Bride is knocked to the floor, her Attacker stands over her to Spear the young blonde, Her Legs Spring Up In The Air, Ankles Lock Around The Boy's Neck.

She throws him down to the ground. With his neck still in the vise-like grip of her ankles, She removes The SOG Knife from its sheath and Plunges it Deep Into The Boy's Chest.

The Bride jumps up onto an attacker's shoulders. She locks her legs around him so he's helpless at shaking her off.

...she swings down with her sword, and cuts the man's hands off.

So while the helpless man with no hands screams, the now nine-foot tall Bride fights with the others.

When she's through she brings the blade across the man she's perched on's throat. He falls to his knees, bringing the Bride back to the floor like an elevator.

As soon as her soles touch ground, she's off his shoulders.

ONE ATTACKER steps out from the rest, "The Best One." He Twirls his sword expertly, challenging the young woman to, "Come get a piece."

The Bride does a screaming charge towards him....
...Sword raised, The Attacker stands his ground, calm - steady, waiting for the blonde-haired locomotive to collide.....They meet.....

SWING - CLASH - DANCE - SEPARATE - SWING - CLASH - SPIN - CLASH - LOCK - TWIRL - SEPARATE -

They match each other blow for blow, till one makes a mistake. It's the male. The Bride's swing, that's neither clashed or blocked, slices off his right arm.

...The arm, still gripping the samurai sword, drops to the floor.

The Bride pushes the Hanzo Sword right through the middle of his chest.

Only half of the Crazy 88s that started the fight remain alive, or intact...They start to approach....The Bride, still holding the sword that's still impaling the skilled Attacker, backs up, keeping his body between her and the remaining killers.

Like a boxer, The Bride uses the momentary break in the action, to rest on her feet.....THEN...yanks the blade from his chest cavity....The Body Twitches - Spasms - Grunts and Crashes to the floor.

The Attackers start to close in...The Bride readies herself for their attack....THEN (in perfect time with the Heavy Metal)...Drops to the floor on her back, Spinning like a top. She Swings and Slashes and Cuts down below at their legs and feet, like some hellish samurai sword-wielding turtle flipped over on its shell....

Many black-suited, mask-wearing boys drop to the ground.

...Still Spinning like a break dancer, she spins up on top of her head, and Pops back up on her feet.

And then there were seven.

The seven remaining sword-wielding, black-suited boys moved out of range of The Bride's blade when she dropped to the floor. Now spread out, they make a large half-circle.

The Bride, slowly points the tip of her blade to the floor, lowers herself to one knee and slightly bows her head. In repose.

EX CU The Bride's eyes
pointed up, watch them move closer, COLOR COMES BACK INTO THE FILM. We see her face is splashed with blood.

O-REN
WHIPS OPEN a red fan.

A Crazy 88 stands by the restaurant's junction box, flips the switch.

The room goes dark.

The Crazy 7 make a wide circle around the blonde who's still on the floor....

...Looking down on her breathing hard in the shadows. As she breathes in and out, The FACE OF A LIONESS IS SUPERIMPOSED OVER HER FACE.

Breathe in (Bride) - Breathe out (Lioness) - Breathe in (Bride) - Breathe out (Lioness).....

The Bride rises to her feet...

The Crazy 7 move in a circle around The Bride, she moves in a circle inside of their circle, all eight of them move in rhythm with the Metal....

The Heavy Metal Music builds....to a big finish...THEN both Music and The Bride Explode!

WIDE SHOT - FRAMED LIKE A KABUKI STAGE
With the lights off, The white paper wall the eight killers fight in front of turns a Psychedelic Bright Blue. The snow falling outside is reflected against the paper wall like black snow falling on a blue shadow puppet stage.

The eight samurais are Black Silhouettes against the blue backdrop. They begin to combat in a dance of blood, steel and death. The Bride does a sword-wielding dosey-doe with all sword-wielding partners.

She CLISH-CLASH-CLISH-CLASHES with all of them - They separate - stalk each other for a moment to the beat - then CLISH-CLASH-CLISH-CLASH again, with The Bride killing or hacking the limbs of one unlucky dance partner at each encounter - Sometimes during the separation, The Bride crouches down low in repose while the others continue to circle stalk...THEN...She Strikes again.

We Cut in closer whenever we need to.

Finally the last of O-Ren's soldiers falls to the Bride's sword.

The BRIDE
Splashed all over with blood. Blood painting the floor, walls, and ceiling. Dead bodies, severed limbs, and horribly wounded men who have yet to die, litter the ground.

With a big "Whoosh" in the air, the blood of O-Ren's subordinates fly off the blonde avenger's blade.

Then saying to the foes who litter the ground.

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Those of you lucky enough to still have your lives. Take them with you. But leave the limbs you've lost. They belong to me now.

The wounded men, crawl out of the restaurant.

The yellow-haired crimson-covered woman, looks to the last remaining combatant, O-Ren Ishii.

O-REN and The BRIDE match eyes. The Japanese gal says;

O-REN
Your instrument is quite impressive.

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Domo.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Where was it made?

The BRIDE
Okinawa.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Whom in Okinawa made you this steel?

The BRIDE
This is Hattori Hanzo steel.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
YOU LIE!!

The Bride just smiles at her rival's response.

O-Ren's composure returns.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Swords however never get tired. I hope you've saved your energy. If you haven't, you might not last five minutes.

(MORE)

O-REN (JAPANESE)
(pause)
Have you seen the garden in this establishment?

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
No.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Oh, you really should. It's quite beautiful. Allow me.

O-Ren moves out of the position she's stood in for the entire battle. She steps on the doormat of a corpse, that serves the same purpose of a bottom step, and moves over to the white paper wall and slides it open.....REVEALING....

....A WHITE WINTER WONDERLAND, set against a Jet Black sky. A Snow-covered Japanese Garden awaits right outside. Snow falls from the sky (Slightly artificial, not phony - but Operatic/Theatrical).. O-Ren stands next to The Bride in the doorway looking out into the white night.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
As last looks go, you could do worse.

The Queen of the Tokyo Underworld steps outside...

The Bride follows her...

EXT - SNOW-COVERED JAPANESE GARDEN - NIGHT

As snow falls around them, they stand the correct distance from one another.

COMBAT MUSIC BEGINS PLAYING, but not Japanese drums - Spanish Flamenco Guitar.....

The Bride Unsheaths her Sword Quickly...Holding it out in front of her...Tip of Blade pointed at O-Ren...Sword's Handle and her Fingers wrapped around that handle, up by her cheek....Her eyes are Reflected on the Blade...Snow falls around her.

O-Ren begins walking forward towards The Bride...She raises up her Sword, still in its sheath, in front of her face vertically...then begins slowly Unsheathing it...Snow falls around her.

O-REN'S FEET
White socks in wooden clogs, walk forward, Crunching Snow underneath them...

The BRIDE
Holding Sword...Eyes reflected in Blade...her Yellow Sneakers Crunching snow underneath them...

O-REN
when her Sword is fully Unsheathed, the Japanese combat artist holds both arms straight out at her sides, Sword in one hand - Wood Sheath in the other, like a bird....

....The Two Women circle each other....

They SWING - CLASH - DANCE - SEPARATE...CIRCLE...SWING - CLASH - DANCE - SEPARATE...

O-REN LEAPS in the air
does a Somersault over The Bride's head, landing behind her opponent. She brings her Sword down in a Slashing Swing...

SLASHING The BRIDE
across her back - Spinning her around...

O-Ren goes in for the kill...The Bride meets her blade... The Blades Clash and Lock...The Two Women's Faces come together as the Blades become entangled...

O-Ren moves her arm in a counter-clockwise motion that loosens the grip enough to bring her Sword Handle hard into The Bride's mouth...

Knocking her backwards over a small, stone bench - Flat on her ass in a koi pond.

- The Combat Guitar Stops -

O-Ren doesn't charge the fallen blonde, She Laughs;

O-REN (ENGLISH)
Silly Caucasian girl likes to play with samurai swords. Bill might of humored you, but you will find neither humor nor mercy at my blade. Now unless you intend to commit sepeku among the koi, stand up and fight. You may not be able to fight like a samurai, but you can at least die like a samurai.

The Combat Guitar Starts again...As The Bride slowly rises out of the koi pond. She brings up her sword and Says Calmly to O-Ren in Japanese;

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Attack me. With everything you have.

The Two Women Clash Swords furiously, their attack ends with The Bride's Striking O-Ren - not fatally - but deep. They separate...

...breathing hard...Cold Air coming out of their mouths like two locomotives...

O-Ren looks down to her wound, then back up to The Bride. The respect for The Bride's ability is transparent.

The Two Women Circle Stalk each other again...

Red Blood running down Yellow Legs onto Yellow Sneakers...

Wooden Clogs crunching the Snow, Blood trail dripping down her leg staining White Socks with Red...

They Attack, the Geisha figurine and The tall Western girl with the mane of Whipping Blonde Hair. They Swing - Twist - Turn - Clash, matching blow for blow till they both back off.

Both Women are out of breath and have to stop to recuperate. As they both drink the harsh cold air into their lungs, leaving red blood stains in the white snow, the two females have the same thought. The next clash will be their last.

O-REN (JAPANESE)
I apologize for ridiculing you earlier.

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Accepted.

They continue breathing...

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Ready?

O-REN (JAPANESE)
Yes.

The Flamenco Guitar begins again, as The Two Women Circle each other for their final attack.

With all the quickness and skill at their command, they clash in a superb display of Samurai Swordplay...TILL... They find themselves on opposite sides of a garden wall...

...The Bride and O-Ren both begin Running Diagonally through the snow, Swords held up high, Facing each other, Continuing to run even after they passed the wall, Screaming their Samurai hearts out...

UNTIL...

They both SWING...

...can't tell who got who...

A SCALP OF LONG, BLACK HAIR FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, landing in the white snow.

CU O-REN ISHII
facing away from The Bride. Sword still in her hand. We See she doesn't have the TOP OF HER HEAD ON. A touch of her BRAIN is exposed. Blood Droplets streak her face like raindrops. The Queen of the Tokyo Underworld, who's regime has just ended with one swing, stares off into space.

O-REN (ENGLISH)
That really was a Hattori Hanzo sword...

Her Sword FALLS from her grip...in the snow by her feet.

O-REN (ENGLISH)
I always dreamed of owning one...

O-Ren FALLS to her knees, toppling forward.

Left Cheek in the snow, just barely alive, She Says;

O-REN (ENGLISH)
Did he make it for you?

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Yes.

The Last thing she says before she dies;

O-REN (ENGLISH)
...He must of liked you.

With her cheek resting against the snow, her eyes close and she's gone.

EX CU THE HANZO BLADE
is returned back to its sheath. The LION'S HEAD that Hanzo carved into the wood seems pleased.

CUT TO

The BRIDE
now wearing the faceless motorcycle crash helmet on her head, stands FRAMED in a TRUNK SHOT.

SOFIE FATALE
Minus an arm, lies curled up in the trunk of her MAZDA XOXO.

The BRIDE slams the trunk, SCREEN GOES BLACK...

The MAZDA driving down the road at supersonic speed.

The BRIDE
behind the wheel wearing her crash helmet. It looks like an insert from "GRAND PRIX."

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD
car speeding...then stopping.

BLACK SCREEN
The Bride lifts up the trunk lid, we look up at her FRAMED in the trunk shot. Helmet on her head making her faceless. When she speaks it comes out of a voice box at the bottom of the helmet. Turning her voice deeper and electronically spooky.

The BRIDE
I've kept you alive for two reasons. The first reason is information.

SOFIE (FRENCH)
Burn in hell, you blonde tramp! I will tell you nothing!

The BRIDE
Oh, you think you can't be broken, is that it Sofie?

SOFIE (ENGLISH)
Not by the likes of you "tareé."

The BRIDE
My French is a little rusty -- Tareé means disgusting person -- doesn't it?

SOFIE
Oui.

The BRIDE
Sofie, just so there's no misunderstanding, I hold you every bit as responsible as I do Bill and those other bitches for the death of my daughter and the massacre at the wedding chapel. And you also deserve to die, every little bit as much as they do. But be that as it may, I'm going to cut your boney ass a break. No matter what happens I will not kill you.

She yanks the Hanzo sword from its sheath.

The BRIDE
But I am going to ask you questions. And every time you don't give me answers, I'm going to cut something off. And I promise you, they will be things you will miss. Gimmie your other arm.

Sofie rebels.

The Bride reaches in the trunk, yanks her other arm out, and places the sword's blade next to it.

The BRIDE
Now, I want all the information on the Deadly Vipers.... What they've been doing... and where I can find them.

EXT - TOKYO GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The big hospital of TOKYO is located by a hill by the highway. Sofie's MAZDA pulls off the highway to the side.

The Bride hops out of the car, runs to the back, opens the trunk, takes out Sofie's body, and rolls it down the hill...Sofie stops rolling in front of the entrance of the huge hospital.

CUT TO

CU SOFIE
in a hospital environment. Bill's voice speaks to her OFF SCREEN;

BILL (OS)
Sofie, Sofie, my Sofie, I'm so sorry.

SOFIE
Please forgive my betrayal --

He shhhhh's her off screen;

BILL (OS)
-- no more of that.

SOFIE
But, still --

BILL (OS)
-- But still -- nothing, except my aching heart over what she's done to my beautiful and brilliant Sofie.
(pause)
If you had to guess why she left you alive, what would be your guess?

SOFIE
Guessing won't be necessary. She informed me.

BACK TO THE BRIDE AT THE TRUNK

The BRIDE
I said before, I'm allowing you to keep your wicked life for two reasons and the second reason is, So you can tell him, in person, everything that happened here tonight.
I want him to witness the extent of my mercy..., by witnessing your deformed body.
I want you to tell him, all the information you just told me. I want him to know what I know. I want him to know I want him to know.

Then with SUPERMAN X-RAY VISION we see through the helmet to the Bride's face inside as she says the last lines.

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
And I want them all to know, they'll all soon be as dead as O-Ren.

CUT TO

CU HATTORI HANZO
He's sewing something that requires a lot of concentration.

CU The BRIDE'S BARE BACK
What he's sewing is, the NASTY SLASH O-Ren gave the Bride on her back, closed with a simple needle and thread.

CU The BRIDE
lies naked on her stomach, head up, chin resting on her folded hands, feeling no pain at the needle piercing her flesh. The sleeping giant is awake, and in her eyes we see she's filled with a terrible resolve.

As Hanzo sews, he recites in Japanese the Yagu mantra, the Bride recites in Japanese after him.

EX CU: O-REN ISHII'S name written in the Bride's notebook with the number one next to it. A black felt pen comes into frame and draws a line through the name.

FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME
TITLE CARD:

Chapter five

"Can she bake a cherry pie."

EX CU SLOT IN DOOR
is slid open revealing two male eyes on the other side.

DOORMAN (OS)
Yes?

TWO EYES (OS)
I heard you had a game?

DOORMAN (OS)
Who are you?

TWO EYES (OS)
They call me Bill.

DOORMAN (OS)
Bill what?

BILL (OS)
That, no one ever calls me.

A FEMALE VOICE FROM OFF SCREEN says to the Doorman;

FEMALE VOICE (OS)
Open the door Alburt, let's see what this Bill looks like.

The door opens revealing BILL to the other side of the door, and for the first time, to the audience. He looks cool.

INT - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bill looks inside and sees a fancy hotel room converted into a crap game. A crap table has been erected in the middle of the suite. SEVEN MEN stand around the table trying their luck. All playing has stopped at the opening of the door.

One woman in a beautiful black dress, stands at the head of the table...It's her game...her name is L.F. O'BOYLE.

Bill stands in the doorway. ALBURT, the black head of security who wears a tux, waits for L.F.'s word.

L.F. O'BOYLE
Are you a policeman, Bill?

BILL
Not anymore?

L.F. laughs.

L.F.
Let him play, Alburt.

Bill steps inside and the game continues in earnest.

L.F.
(to the players)
We now return to the game already in progress. The point is nine gentlemen, nine is the point...

As Alburt frisks him, Bill takes in the room. There are five other men all wearing black tuxedos, all carrying samurai swords (as is Alburt), all working for Miss O'Boyle. In his hand Bill holds his sheathed Hanzo sword. Referring to the sword;

ALBURT
I'll take that.

BILL
You'll have to.

The two men stare...

L.F.
Now now boys...Mr. Bill, do you intend to start any mischief with that sword?

BILL
I give you my word of honor, I will start nothing.

L.F.
Good enough for me.
(back to game)

ALBURT
Miss O'Boyle requires a two-hundred dollar membership fee.

BILL
That's rather pricey.

ALBURT
You wanna play for free, go to Vegas. You start now you'll be there by sundown.

Bill takes out a roll of bills that would choke a rodeo bull to death. He peels off two hundred.

BILL
I think I'll stay here. I'm thirsty.

ALBURT
That way.

Bill walks over to the suite's bar, a YOUNG WOMAN tends it.

BILL
Beer.

BARTENDER
Twenty dollars.

BILL
Twenty dollars for a beer?

BARTENDER
High cost of living shooter. You don't like it, go to Vegas. You can get a prime rib dinner there for 3.95.

BILL
What am I going to do, I'm thirsty.
(throws a 20 on the bar)
Pour the beer.

The Bartender produces a dixie cup, and a can of Budweiser. She pops the top and fills the cup, leaving half the beer inside the can. She then offers only the cup to Bill.

BILL
(pointing to the can)
I don't get that?

The Bartender slowly shakes her head, no.

He lifts the dixie cup to his lips, and says;

BILL
Cheers.

Bill approaches the table with his dixie cup of beer.

L.F.
Gentlemen, let's see if the new kid in school wants to play right away.
(to Bill)
How bout it new kid, you wanna handle my bones, or do you just like to watch?

Dropping his money roll on the table...

BILL
I came to play.

Color L.F. impressed.

L.F.
Boys take a look at this man, he's what Webster's calls, a gambler. The dice belong to you, sir.

With her table stick, she pushes the dice to Bill. He takes them and inspects them.

ALBURT
I sure hope you ain't implying anything.

BILL
(as he inspects dice)
I'm not implying anything.

ALBURT
That did it motherfucker, your ass is out the door --

Bill looks from the dice to L.F.

BILL
You looked me over when I stood in your doorway. I'm looking you over as I step up to your table.
If I don't know, I don't throw.

The players watch L.F. and Bill, on opposite ends of the table, trade quips.

L.F.
Are you satisfied?

BILL
More or less.

L.F.
I think we're getting into a antagonistic relationship.

BILL
Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were trying to take my money, and I was trying to take yours.

L.F.
It's just a game.

Bill throws ten thousand dollars on the table; the room reacts.

BILL
If you're game, take my bet sportsman.

L.F.
Covered.

Bill smiles as he rolls the dice in his hand, then throws ...7...The room reacts...L.F. smiles and pushes the money and the dice back to Bill with her stick. He picks up his winnings, tosses them back on the table, and says;

BILL
Shoot it all.

The room reacts.

L.F.
Covered.

He holds the dice in his fist...and throws...5...

L.F.
The point is five, gentlemen, five is the point.

Bill throws....5....more reaction...more money...

BILL
Shoot it all.

L.F.
Covered.

He shoots again, he wins again.

L.F. MOVES THE MONEY in front of him.

Bill picks up the stack of moola...L.F. stands behind her table, stick in her hand, eyes on her opponent.

In the midst of this silence, his beeper goes off. His eyes go to it. It reads; ELLE DRIVER.

He raises his eyes from the beeper to L.F., casually tosses the green on the felt and says;

BILL
Shoot it all.

L.F.
Pretty lucky tonight, huh?

BILL
Play a game of luck long enough you're bound to meet some lucky people.

L.F.
You know we've never been properly introduced, I'm L.F. O'Boyle.

BILL
And I'm not interested.

L.F.
No, you're rude. Why so rude rude boy, I'm only trying to be friendly.

BILL
I didn't come here to make friends. I came here to shoot a little crap. But then your boy over there hits me up for a two hundred dollar privilege to play fee --

ALBURT
-- Who the fuck you callin boy, ole man --

L.F.
-- That's a membership fee, good for --

BILL
-- You and nobody else. You sell at the bar a half can of warm piss, at twenty bucks a shot. How much did the six-pack cost you? 5.60, 5.65? You're greedy O'Boyle. You're just too Goddamn greedy. You know what I like to do when I meet greedy people? Take every fuckin thing they got. Leave em with nothing.

L.F.
So that's plan aye, you gonna teach me a lesson?

BILL
I gonna burn you down. You'll thumb a ride out of L.A. wearing a barrel, back to whatever shanty town you sucked your way out of.

The room goes quiet as all eyes look to L.F.

L.F.
I could always save myself this horrible fate by not taking your bet.

BILL
To be replaced by a diffeent fate. The embarrassing truth that you run a gutless game. I won't forget it. I'm sure these gentlemen won't forget it. I'm sure they'll tell people who won't forget it. And we won't come back. If we don't come back, you won't get our money. Couple of weeks, you won't have a game.

L.F.
You got a big mouth, lucky boy. And the idea of taking everything you've won away, and sending you out the door with nothing but a red face, is so appealing to me, that I will take your bet. But.....not with those dice.

BILL
Oooohhh, that's....

L.F.
The house's perogative and you know it.

She holds out her palm and two new pair of dice (black) are placed in her hand by a smiling Alburt. She sets the dice on the table, and moves them in front of Bill with her stick.

Bill looks down at them.

L.F.
Maybe you would like to change your bet?

BILL
Yes I would.....Shoot it all.....
Against myself.

His hand scoops the dice off the table.

He catches the young lady by surprise.

L.F.
What?

BILL
Did I stutter, I'm changing my bet.
I'm betting I don't make it.

Alburt says;

ALBURT
You can't do that.

BILL
Oh yes I can. It's the shooter's perogative, and she knows it.

L.F.
Covered.

He throws....

.....BOXCARS.

The spectators go apeshit.

Bill scoops up his money and looks to the lady who's game he just busted.

BILL
Can I use your phone?

L.F.
Sure it's next to the bed.

INT - BED AREA OF HOTEL ROOM

Bill sits on the bed talking with Elle Driver on the phone.

In the b.g. Alburt is throwing everybody out.

ALBURT
Game's over, get out! Get the fuck out! No more tonight, go home....

BILL
(into phone)
Vernita's dead? When?
(pause)
What about her family?
(pause)
Nice to see Kiddo hasn't gone completely apeshit. No idea where she is?
(pause)
Okay that did it, we're going to Texas and talk sense into Budd before (BLEEP) makes him number three.

He looks over and L.F. is sitting on the foot of the bed. All the players have left, only L.F. and her five tuxedo boys remain.

BILL
We're going to have to talk about this later.
(pause)
Well, I'm not exactly among friends at the moment.
(pause...he laughs)
I'll keep that in mind, bye bye.

He hangs up.

BILL
Got a nose problem?

L.F.
I said you could use my phone. I didn't say I wouldn't listen.

BILL
This is true.

L.F.
You didn't burn me down you know?

BILL
Course not. First rule of any house, ya gotta have LUCKY GUY comes in and wipes the place out insurance.

L.F.
If there weren't losers it wouldn't be a game.

Standing up, folding his winnings into his inside jacket pocket, looking at L.F. and her boys, he says;

BILL
I sincerely hope you mean that.

Without another word he exits the hotel room.

Nobody makes a move to stop him.

L.F. O'Boyle and her henchmen stand still as they wait for the sound of the elevator in the hall.

The Bride's Voice comes on the soundtrack;

The BRIDE (VO)
What L.F. O'Boyle didn't know was, the real game was just beginning. Bill was on the job, and she was the target. Now Bill was the greatest assassin of the 20th Century. In fact the term HITMAN was coined for him. And he rarely performs actual assassinations anymore. However every once in awhile - to keep his hand in - he does. Only he plays a game. He doesn't start trouble...he lets them start it. If they do, they're dead. If they don't, not only won't he perform, he'll take the hit off the market. It's kind of fun watching people gamble when they don't know they're gambling, isn't it?

They hear the elevator in the hall.

L.F. O'Boyle tells her Men;

L.F.
Get my money back. Don't kill him. Chop off all his fingers.

Alburt smiles.

The Five men go out the door.

INT - HALLWAY HOTEL -

The Five Tuxedo-clad bodyguards hit the hallway, only to see....BILL, with his Hanzo sword unsheathed, standing at the end.

This wasn't expected, they unsheath their swords.

He Charges at them.

In the hotel's hallway, Bill cuts through the five men. His mastery of the Hanzo sword in his hand is peerless. He cuts through the first four rather quickly. The Fifth one, Alburt, is the most skilled, but he too falls under the master's blade.

INT - HOTEL ROOM

L.F. O'Boyle hides in her room, holding a gun, pointed at the front door.

She sits in bushwack mode, waiting for Bill, or anybody for that matter, to step through the doorway.

WHEN...

The window her back is up against SHATTERS, and a black gloved hand reaches inside and GRABS her by her hair, and YANKS her out the window.

EXT - HOTEL WINDOW LEDGE - NIGHT

Bill on the ledge of the hotel window (the 26th floor), outside L.F. O'Boyle's room.

He's yanked her outside and he's dangling her over the side by her hair.

BILL
Do you know a Jessica?

L.F. is too hysterical to answer.

BILL
Well, she knows you.

He drops her.....

.....SHE FALLS....

.....SHE SPLATS.

Bill watches her all the way down. When he's confident her fall was fatal, he leaves the ledge.

FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME
TITLE CARD:

Chapter six

"The lonely grave of
Paula Schultz"

EXT - BUDD'S TRAILER - DAY

A small camper trailer sits all by its lonesome in the middle of a barren Texas wasteland.

A SUBTITLE APPEARS under this image;

"The city of
Austin Texas."

A fist knocks on the trailer door.

It opens, revealing Bill's brother, BUDD. Not the Slick Willie Budd with the black suit and the silver-tipped black cowboy boots we saw earlier at the wedding chapel massacre. No, the Budd we see now is the Budd who climbed into a bottle five years ago, got himself comfortable, and decided to live there.

Bill, looking like a cool million, stands out in the dirt and dust of Budd's lot of land, looking up at his brother in his natural habitat. In the B.G. we can see Bill's car, and if our eyes are really good, we can see Elle Driver lounging in the passenger's seat.

BILL
How ya doin' Budd?

BUDD
Oh, you know my life, Bill, just a mad rush of wild parties and wealthy women.

Budd squints into the sun at the woman in Bill's car.

BUDD
Is that that tall blonde one-eyed Viking bitch in the passenger seat?

BILL
It's Elle. Want to say hello?

BUDD
Never said "bye," can't seem to think of a reason to say, "hi."

INSERT: INT - BILL'S CAR
Elle inside, blasting both the stereo and the air conditioner. She watches the brotherly scene play out through the car windshield. Obviously there's no love lost between Elle and Budd.

BUDD
What'd ya wanna talk about?

BILL
Are you not going to invite me in?

BUDD
No.

BILL
May I ask why not?

BUDD
It stinks in there, that's why. Now what's so important it requires a reunion?

TIME CUT

The estranged brothers continue their conversation. Budd sits in the doorway of his trailer, bottle of Black Death Icelandic Schnapps in his hand. Bill stands.

BUDD
You tryin to tell me she cut her way through eighty-eight bodyguards 'fore she got to O-Ren?

BILL
No. There wasn't really eighty-eight of them, they just called themselves The Crazy 88.

BUDD
Why.

BILL
I dunno, I guess they thought it sounded cool. Anyhow, she had about 26 or 27 around her when (BLEEP) attacked. They all fell under her Hanzo sword.

The mention of a Hattori Hanzo sword gets Budd's attention.

BUDD
She's got a Hattori Hanzo sword?

Bill nods his head, "yes."

BILL
She has a Hanzo Jingi sword.

BUDD
He made her one? Didn't he swear a blood oath never to make another sword?

BILL
It would appear he's broken it.

Budd doesn't say anything at first...THEN;

BUDD
Them Japs know how to carry a grudge don't they? Or is it just you tend to bring that out in people?

BILL
(pause)
I know this is a ridiculous question before I ask, but you by any chance haven't kept up with your swordplay?

BUDD
Hell, I pawned that years ago.

BILL
You pawned a Hattori Hanzo sword?

BUDD
Yep.

The disrespect is plain.

BILL
It was priceless.

BUDD
Not in El Paso it ain't. In El Paso I got me 250 dollars for it.

BILL
Since it was a gift from me, why didn't you offer me the chance to buy it back?

BUDD
Because that would've required me to acknowledge your existence. Drunken bum though I may be, I don't need booze that bad. But who the hell gives a crap anyway. That bitch ain't gittin no Bushido points for killin a white trash piece of shit like me with a samurai sword. I'm a bouncer in a titty bar, Bill. If she wants to fight me, all she gotta do is come down to the club, start some shit, and we'll be in a fight.

BILL
-- Budd, you need to listen to me. I know we haven't spoken for quite some time, and the last time we spoke wasn't the most pleasant. But you need to get over being mad at me, and start becoming afraid of Bea. Because she is coming, and she's coming to kill you. And unless you accept my assistance, I have no doubt she will succeed.

Budd sees Bill's true concern for his welfare.

Bill tries to charm his brother.

BILL
Can't we forget the past, and look at the happy side of all this?

Budd chuckles.

BUDD
And what would that happy side be?

BILL
She's brought "the boys" back together.

Budd is touched by Bill's concern and chuckles to himself.

BUDD
I appreciate the concern on your face, but there's a difference 'tween "the boys," time can't erase. I don't dodge guilt. And I don't Jew outta payin my comeuppance. That woman deserves her revenge. And we deserve to die. But then again, so does she. So I guess we'll just see now, won't we.

EXT - THE MY-OH-MY-CLUB - DAY

The My-oh-my Club, is the sleazy titty bar that Budd works at. His job is tossin out the riff-raff that's worse than him, out on their ear - minus a few of the teeth they had when they came in. His beat-to-shit pickup truck pulls up to the front, and he climbs out of the automobile.

INT - THE MY-OH-MY-CLUB - DAY

Budd walks into the wood-paneled titty bar. No strippin goin on yet, just a few BARFLIES drinkin. The owner, JAY, yells at him as he walks by.

JAY
You're late, Budd, this shit ain't school, ya know.

Budd doesn't say anything, he just moves towards the back, passing by a STRIPPER serving drinks.

STRIPPER
Hey, Budd.

BUDD
Hey, Lucky.

ANOTHER STRIPPER walks out of the ladies' room and says to him;

STRIPPER
Hey, Bud, honey, the toilet's at it again. There's shitty water all over the floor.

BUDD
I'll take care of it, Suzie Pie.

EXT - THE MY-OH-MY CLUB - NIGHT

The Bride's yellow pussy wagon pulls into the parking lot and stops.

The BRIDE
sits behind the wheel, looking at the bar and the bar's front door. Using the rearview as a mirror, she grabs her long blonde hair and pulls it back into a ponytail with a rubberband. Then places a baseball cap on the top of her noggin that reads, "STUBB'S BAR - B-Q." She steps out of the truck's cab. She's dressed like a little Texas two-stepper. Levi's, cowboy boots, and a "HARLEY DAVIDSON: LOUD AND PROUD" tee-shirt.

INT - THE MY-OH-MY CLUB - NIGHT

The Bride walks into the club. Mexican music plays in the honky tonk. She walks up to the bar and orders a;

The BRIDE
Shiner.

The BARTENDER gives her a beer bottle of Shiner Bock. As she drinks the Texas brew...SHE....

...Watches the STRIPPERS....

...The crowd...

...Looking for Budd among the crowd...

...She sees him...

...He's the bouncer...

..She observes him...

...he's sitting on a stool, observing the crowd, moving his head to the music...

SHAW BROTHERS ZOOM into her eyes; VENGEANCE THEME plays on the soundtrack.

Her hand moves to the handle on her sog...

WHEN...

Suddenly a BIG COWBOY stands up from his table -- spilling every bottle and glass on it -- and BARFS all over.

Budd curses to himself, and heads over to the disaster area.

The Bride....observes him...CLEAN UP THE PUKE.

EXT - TEXAS HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Budd driving his pickup on an empty highway home from work.

He passes by The Bride's yellow pussy wagon parked on the side of the road. After he whizzes by, she starts up the motor, but doesn't turn the lights on.
She follows him, hanging way back in the dark.

Budd driving, not seeing the automobile cloaked in darkness, trailing him.

EXT - BUDD'S TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

Budd pulls his pickup truck in front of his small camper home. He walks inside, shutting the door behind him.

The Bride rolls to a stop...Observing the lonely trailer out of her windshield...

Texas tear-ass music begins coming out of the camper....
We see his figure pass the camper window, once or twice.

The Bride chooses her weapon -- Hattori Hanzo's samurai sword.

She doesn't say anything, nor will an actress of Uma Thurman's caliber indicate her feelings, but the astute member of the audience will read the significance of her choice. His current status be damned, the Budd who owes The Bride satisfaction was a warrior. And it's <u>that Budd</u> she intends to send to his maker.

She takes a black stocking cap, and slips it on top of her skull, tucking her blonde hair underneath...

THEN...

...Rubs black make-up under both eyes, on top of both eyelids, and down the bridge of her nose...

THEN...

Disconnects the cab light above her, opens the truck door, and slips out unseen into the Austin Texas night air.

THEN...

On her belly, Hattori Hanzo sword in sheath in hand, she crawls across the desert floor towards Budd's trailer.

THEN...

Somewhere in the vast outdoors a cat jumps on a rat. Their fight makes a LOUD racket.

The Bride Stops and buries her face in the dirt.

From inside the trailer, we hear the needle being lifted off the phonograph.

From A Distance We See: The shadowy figure of Budd looking out the window of the camper.

The Bride keeps her face in the dirt.

The figure of Budd at the window, seems to dismiss the sound he heard for what it was -- a rat meeting its end at the claws of a cat.

The Curtains close again.

The needle is placed back on the phonograph.

CU The BRIDE
face in the dirt...One Mississippi...Two Mississippi... her eyes look up towards the trailer...All's clear...She begins crawling towards the trailer again.

...She's now right outside the trailer home...We can hear the sound of Budd sitting in a chair rocking back and forth.

She hears the sound of a screw top unscrewed...The sound of pouring in a glass...The sound of a glass being laid heavy on a table.

Crouched low on the balls of her feet, she, with great care, slowly and silently Unsheathes her Hanzo Sword.

Through the bottom slit in the door, she sees the distorted image of Budd's feet on the floor.

She slowly rises...removes her black stocking cap...blonde hair falls around her shoulders...sword in right hand...left hand grabs the front doorknob...

QUICK as a Texas lizard on glass -- She brings the sword's handle down hard on the door lock --

EX CU Cheap Lock Busting.

She Flings the front door open...

The BRIDE'S POV:
Brother Budd sitting calmly in a rocking chair, moving back and forth to the Texas twang on his turntable, cradling a DOUBLE-BARREL SHOTGUN aimed right at The Bride.

SERGIO LEONE CU:
The Bride Blinks.

Both Barrels BLAST in our face.

The BRIDE
standing in the doorway is HIT SMACK DAB in the chest, and PROPELLED THROUGH The AIR BACKWARDS.

Landing hard on her back in the dirt.

Budd casually rises from his rocking chair and lifts the needle off the phonograph, cutting off the music.

Then with shotgun in hand, stands in the doorway of the trailer looking down at The Bride.

BUDD'S POV:
The Bride laid out in the dirt below him -- Sword separated from her grasp -- Bloody mess down her front -- Groan from her throat.

Budd steps down from the trailer onto the dirt, standing over The Bride.

BUDD
Bet your sweet ass that don't sting like a bitch.

More groans coming out of The blood splattered Bride.

BUDD
That gentled you down some, didn't it? Yep...ain't nobody a badass with two barrels of rock salt dug deep in their tits. Now not havin tits as fine or as big as yours, I can't even imagine how bad that shit stings...

He lowers down on his haunches, over her.

BUDD
...But I don't wont to neather.

The Bride, hurting and incapacitated from the shotgun blast, still nevertheless defiant, SPITS a gob of bloody saliva, right in ole Budd's face.

Budd, gob of spit running down on his cheek and nose. The cowboy removes a red bandana from his back pocket, and wipes away the goo. Then his eyeballs go down to the spitter.

BUDD
So you wanna get into a spitting contest, aye?

He lets loose with a long stream of snuff juice, which is the same color and consistency of brown snotty shit. It hits her square in the forehead and slowly runs down her face like an egg.

He laughs as he rises up to a standing position.

With the tip of his cowboy boot he rolls The Bride over onto her stomach, exposing her butt.

THEN...

Almost mercifully, the man once known as "Sidewinder," sticks a syringe in her keister, dropping her unconscious.

THEN...

Knocking down a swig of Black Death, he removes a small silver cell phone from his pants pocket, raises the antenna, and presses one button on the panel.

INT - ELLE DRIVER'S GYM - NIGHT

The six-foot tall, long-haired blonde with the codename "California Mountain Snake," is doing a savage boxing workout with her COACH.

This is one white bitch who can kick some serious FUCKIN ass. With one mighty blow from her huge right arm (synched to the sound of a CAR CRASH), her boxing Coach buys the farm.

Elle on cell phone. We Cut Back and Forth.

ELLE
Bill?

BUDD
Wrong brother, you hateful bitch.

ELLE
....Budd?

BUDD
Bingo.

ELLE
And what do I owe this dubious pleasure?

BUDD
I just caught me the cowgirl, ain't never been caught.

This gets Elle's attention.

ELLE
Do you mean what I think you mean?

BUDD
If you think I mean I got 'er, you thought right.

ELLE
Did you kill her?

BUDD
Not yet I ain't. But I can sure do it easy enough. She's so gentle right now, I could preform her coup de grace with a rock.

ELLE
What are you waiting for, run outta liquid courage.

BUDD
No. It's just...I ain't killed nobody in a long Goddamn time. And just 'tween you, me, and Jesus Christ, kinda made a promise I wasn't gonna. Be that however it is. Back when I did kill people ...I got paid for it. Just don't seem right...turn amateur this time of life.

We stay on Elle's Side for the following exchange.

BUDD (OS)
Anywho, guess what I'm holdin in my hand right now.

We Cut Back to Budd's Side. And what he's holding is The Bride's Hattori Hanzo sword.

BUDD
A brand spankin new Hattori Hanzo sword. And I'm here to tell ya Elle, that's what I call sharp.

ELLE
How much?

BUDD
Oh, that's hard to say. Seein it's priceless and all.

ELL
I'll give you a hundred thousand dollars for it.

BUDD
I'm sure you would. But <u>I'll</u> <u>take</u>, one million.

ELLE
Jeez Budd, who'd ever guess you were such a capitalist. I thought drunks like yourself were beyond such monetary concerns?

BUDD
Well Elle, a million dollars buys a whole lotta Icelandic Schnapps.

ELLE
Why then are you selling it to a hateful bitch like me, when you know Bill would pay more?

BUDD
If I'm gonna drink myself to death, ...it won't be on Bill's dollar. It's gonna be on yours.

ELLE
What's the terms?

BUDD
You buy a ticket to Texas, and I'll see you here tomorrow mornin. You give me a million in foldin cash, I'll give you the greatest sword ever made by a man. How's that sound?

ELLE
Sounds like we got a deal. One condition.

BUDD
What?

ELLE
You kill her tonight.
(pause)
And one more thing.

BUDD
You said one condition.

ELLE
It's a caveat to the same condition.

BUDD
What?

ELLE
She must suffer to her last breath.

BUDD
That Elle darlin, I can pretty damwell guarantee.

ELLE
Then I'll see you in the morning millionaire.

CUT TO

OVERHEAD SHOT - EXT - CEMETERY - NIGHT

We look down on a spooky Texas graveyard...Tombstones... Graves...Dirt...Low-hanging fog. This could be the opening shot of a Texas zombie movie. We also see TWO MEN WITH SHOVELS (one which is Budd, the other which is ERNIE) digging up a grave. Budd's beat-to-shit pickup is in the shot too. Its headlight beams shining on the two men. And last but certainly not least, The Bride, bound and gagged, lying in the flatbed of Budd's pickup.

The BRIDE
She begins to come to from the shot in her arm. Some dried blood lies caked around her wounds. Rope binds her wrists tightly together in front of her.

A big leather cowboy belt is wrapped tight around her cherry brown cowboy boots. Her eyelids flutter open...and she sees stars. A giant, black Texas night sky full of them.

She has no idea where she is.

She turns her head to the left and sees,

Back window and Cab of truck.

She turns her head to the right and sees,

Hatch Gate to flatbed.

She listens...She Hears,

Crickets...The sound of Two Men Digging...

THEN...

She Hears One of the Shovels HIT something buried...

The Two Men speak to each other but we can't make it out ...then they laugh...

THEN...

We Hear them Lifting Something Heavy, We might assume is a coffin. The Bride however knows not what to think.

BOOM...They set it down.

She Hears Boots Approaching the flatbed, The Crunching of Leaves leading in her direction...

TILL...

With a CLANG and a SCRAPE the latches on the Gate of the flatbed are Yanked Out, and it lowers open with a CRASH. Revealing Budd, looking down on her.

BUDD
Wakey wakey, eggs and bakey.

He grabs her by her collar, and yanks her out of the truck.

She FALLS to the dirt HARD.

Once in the dirt, The Bride sees an Old Coffin that's been dug up. Next to it is a brand new pine box coffin, straight out of "Fistful of Dollars." And a freshly dug grave, with a pile of dirt next to it, in front of an old tombstone that reads; "PAULA SCHULTZ."

Budd and Ernie stand over her.

The Bride just GLARES up at the two tormentors, with the only weapon she has left, the contempt in her stare.

Ernie turns to Budd and says;

ERNIE
Look at those eyes. This chick is furious.

BUDD
She's a pistol. But what did I tell ya? Is she the cutest little blonde pussy you ever saw or is she the cutest little blonde pussy you ever saw?

ERNIE
I seen better.

BUDD
Got anything to say?

The Bride knows how these fiends derive satisfaction, and she won't give it to them.

ERNIE
White women call this the silent treatment. And we let 'em <u>think</u> we don't like it.

The two fiends laugh.

BUDD
You grab her feet, I'll get her head.

They bend down to lift The Bride and carry her over to the pine box. She struggles with her bound legs and arms... Both men DROP her to the ground. Budd whips out a can of mace from his pocket.

BUDD
Hey hey hey, wiggle worm, look at this.

He holds the can of mace spray by her eyes. She stops. Her eyes go to the nozzle of the spray can, then to Budd.

BUDD
This is a can of mace. Now you're goin underground tonight, and that's all there is to it. But, when I bury ya, I was gonna bury you with this.

He removes a flashlight from behind his back and turns on the beam.

BUDD
But if you're gonna act like a horse's ass, I'll spray this whole Goddamn can in your eyeballs. Then you'll be blind, burnin, and buried alive. So what's it gonna be sister?

Her eyes move to the right, indicating the flashlight.

BUDD
You may be stupid, but at least you ain't bloody stupid.

The two men lift up The Bride, and carry her over to the pine box and place her in.

Budd puts the flashlight inside.

He picks up the pine lid, and is just about to place it over the coffin...

WHEN...

...He locks eyeballs with The Bride...

...her eyes hold his for as long as she can,

THEN...

...he places the lid over her face, closing the coffin.

THEN...

...with hammer and nails the two men seal the coffin shut.

INT - PINE BOX

Dark, except for the cracks of light seeping through between the lid and the box. However with each nail pounded in, more light is cut off...

TILL...

...the only light left, is the crack by The Bride's head. The last hammered nail obliterates that light source.

The Bride lies in TOTAL DARKNESS.

EXT - CEMETERY - NIGHT

The two men lift the pine box, and set it in the grave.

Budd scoops up a shovel full of dirt...

INT - PINE BOX

EX CU HER FINGERS turn on the flashlight.

CU The BRIDE
LIT by the flashlight beam...

BAM...

...a shovel of dirt has just landed hard on the lid, making The Bride jump...

BAM...

...More dirt. She reacts again.

BAM...

The dirt just keeps falling, the bams becoming softer with each new shovelful.

The Bride is starting to perspire...her breathing becoming more rapid and panicked...her heartbeat begins to echo inside the pine box.

We've never seen her like this before.

She's starting to lose it...She lets out a SCREAM...She SCREAMS again...Her bound-at-the-wrist hands move to the lid...She pounds on it...Her bound feet kick up at it... She starts to cry...She's getting hysterical...Her fingers begin clawing at the wood lid...

TILL...

They're ripped open and bleeding...

Leaving Blood Trails on the wood.

TILL...

She exhausts herself. All this while, she's been screaming the words we can't even imagine coming out of her mouth;

The BRIDE
Help me.

The Bride halts her hysteria.

She wipes her eyes, and runs her hands down her face, mentally sending the little girl she became, back to wherever she came from. The woman we know as The Bride is back. The Bride begins doing a strange looking and sounding breathing technique.

EXT - CEMETERY - NIGHT

Budd and Ernie are finished filling in the grave. The old coffin, with the body of Paula Schultz, in the back of the flatbed. Before they climb into the truck and drive away, Budd lays a dozen red roses on The Bride's grave.

INT - BUDD'S TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

Budd behind the wheel. Ernie in the passenger's seat. Car radio playing Mexican music. Budd's silver cell phone rings.

BUDD
(INTO PHONE)
Yellow?

INT - AIRPLANE (FLYING) - NIGHT

Elle Driver sits in a seat on a passenger jet enroute to the great state of Texas. She calls Budd on the airplane phone.

ELLE
Didja do it?

BUDD
Elle darlin, she's sufferin as we speak.

A smile spreads across Elle's face. She rests her head back against the seat's headrest. Her eyelids close. She slightly parts her lips...and lets out a;

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh"

This is the face of satisfaction.

FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME
TITLE APPEARS:

Chapter seven

The cruel tutelage
of Pai Mei

FADE UP ON

EXT - MOUNTAIN RANGE - CHINA - DAY

We See a beautiful mountain range in the middle of China. A SUBTITLE APPEARS UNDERNEATH:

"SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF CHINA"

A VOICE OVER SPOKEN BY BILL, tells us a story over this landscape;

BILL (VO)
Once upon a time in China, some believe around the year, one-double knot-three.

As Bill tells this story, it will be illustrated On Screen by footage from old Shaw Brothers Martial Arts flicks of the 70's. Especially Films that feature Chinese Actor LO LIEH as the old, white-haired, white-eyebrowed Villain "PAI MEI."

BILL (VO) (CONT'D)
...head priest of The White Lotus Clan, Pai Mei, was walking down the road, contemplating whatever a man with Pai Mei's infinite power would contemplate -- Which is another way of saying, who knows.

(MORE)

BILL (VO) (CONT'D)
When, a Shaolin monk appeared on the road traveling in the opposite direction. As the monk and the priest crossed paths...Pai Mei -- in a practically unfathomable display of generosity, gave the monk the slightest of nods. The nod, was not returned. Was it the intention of the Shaolin monk to insult Pai Mei? Or, did he just fail to see the generous social gesture?
The motives of the monk, remain, unknown. What is known, were the consequences. The next morning Pai Mei appeared at the Shaolin Temple, and demanded that the temple's Head Abbot offer Pai Mei his neck, to repay the insult.
The Abbot, at first, tried to console Pai Mei, only to find, Pai Mei was inconsolable. So began, the massacre of the Shaolin Temple, and all sixty of the monks inside, at the fists of The White Lotus. And so began, the legend of Pai Mei's Ten-Point Palm - Exploding Heart Technique.

The BRIDE (VO)
What praytell, is a ten-point palm - exploding heart technique?

BILL (VO)
Quite simply, the deadliest blow in all of the martial arts. He hits you with his fingertips, at ten different pressure points on your body. And then, he lets you walk away. But once you've taken five steps, your heart explodes inside your body, and you fall to the floor dead.

We see on screen Pai Mei demonstrate this technique on five Shaolin monks. Who after being hit...take five steps...then fall to the floor dead.

EXT - JEEP (MOVING) - DAY

Bill and The Bride, years earlier, driving in a jeep through the mountains of China, enroute to PAI MEI's.

The BRIDE
Did he teach you that?

BILL
No. He teaches no one the ten-point palm - exploding heart technique. But he is Nietzche's psalm personified. If Pai Mei doesn't kill you, he will make you stronger. Now one of the things I always liked about you, Kiddo, is you appear wise beyond your years. Then allow me to impart, a word to the wise. Whatever - WHAT - EVER - Pai Mei says, Obey. If you flash him - even for an instant - a defiant eye, he'll pluck it out. And if you throw any American sass his way, he will snap your back and your neck like they were twigs, and that will be the story of you.

EXT - THE WHITE LOTUS TEMPLE - DAY

The Bride sits in the jeep, by herself, parked in front of The Priest Pai Mei's home located high up on top of White Lotus Mountain.

For over 100 years, his home used to be the temple of The White Lotus Clan, and he was the temple's head priest. The temple served as a home to over 60 priests and disciples. But now - the year 1990 - The White Lotus Clan is no more. All the priests have died. All that remains, is a very old man, who once upon a time, some worshipped as a god and some feared as a devil...neither was wrong.

A huge stone staircase of one hundred steps climb up a hill leading to Pai Mei's home. Bill climbs down to the jeep.

BILL
He'll accept you as his student.

The BRIDE
Caught him in a good mood, aye?

BILL
More like a sadistic one.

She climbs out, and gets her bag out of the back.

Bill casts a glance at the stone steps he just descended.

BILL
Just seeing those steps again makes me ache. You're gonna have plenty of fun carrying buckets of water up and down that fucker.

The BRIDE
Why did he accept me?

BILL
Because he's a very very very old man. And like all rotten bastards, when they get old, they become lonely. Not that that has any effect on their disposition. But they do learn the value of company.

The BRIDE
When will I see you again?

BILL
That's the title of my favorite soul song of the Seventies.

The BRIDE
What?

BILL.
Nothing. When he tells me you're done.

The BRIDE
When do you think that might be?

BILL
That my dearest, all depends on you. Now remember, no backtalk, no sarcasm.
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
Least not for the first year. You're going to have to let him warm up to you. He hates Caucasians, despises Americans, and has nothing but contempt for women, so in your case, that may take a little while. Adios.

ZOOM...

The jeep speeds off down the road....leaving The Bride all alone, somewhere in the middle of China.

She begins the journey before her by ascending the 100 steps to Pai Mei.

INT - THE WHITE LOTUS TEMPLE -

The huge temple is exactly like it must have been a hundred years ago, except now it's empty and dusty.

The Bride enters, She's winded from climbing up those fuckin steps.

The BRIDE
(YELLING)
Hello!

Her Voice ECHOES in the cavernous temple.

PAI MEI'S VOICE ECHOES back;

PAI MEI'S VOICE (OS)
Up the stairs, yankee woman!

A beautiful (but dusty) Mahogany staircase leads to Pai Mei's Private Chamber.

The BRIDE
(to herself)
More stairs, Jesus Christ.

The still Unseen Man's Voice BOOMS Back;

PAI MEI'S VOICE (OS)
If it is Christ you seek, turn back now.

She climbs the wooden staircase.

INT - PAI MEI'S PRIVATE CHAMBER -

PAI MEI'S POV: We See through Pai Mei's Pupils, through a Sheer Scarlet Scrim that hangs down in front of his sitting area. The Bride enters the room.

She approaches the old man, reaches the edge of his sitting area in front of the scrim, lowers to one knee and bows her head.

* From here on end, whenever ENGLISH is spoken by The Bride, or every once in awhile by Pai Mei, it will be spoken in ENGLISH IN LIVE SYNCH SOUND. However, whenever MANDARIN is supposedly spoken, it comes out of their mouths as DUBBED ENGLISH like in a 70's Shaw Brothers Chop Socky Flick.

The BRIDE *
Teacher, I am unworthy to be your student --

Pai Mei is still unseen.

PAI MEI'S VOICE *
Your Mandarin is lousy. I can't understand a single word you say. It causes my ears discomfort. You are not to speak unless spoken to. Do you understand Mandarin any better than you speak it?

The BRIDE *
I speak Japanese very well --

PAI MEI'S VOICE *
I didn't ask if you speak Japanese, or Mongolian, for that matter. I asked if you understand Mandarin?

The BRIDE *
A little, I am still learning.

PAI MEI'S VOICE *
You are here to learn the mysteries of Kung Fu, not linguistics. If you can't understand me, I will communicate with you like I would a dog. When I yell, when I point, When I beat you with my stick!

Her head remains bowed, eyes to the floor.

WE CUT TO PAI MEI
He's just like he was in the films earlier. Long White Hair, Long White Beard, Long White Eyebrows, same long flowing White Robe. Everything's the same, except he's older, by about a hundred years. He sits stone still in his sitting area on the other side of the sheer scarlet scrim.

PAI MEI *
Bill is your master, is he not?

The BRIDE *
Yes, he is.

PAI MEI *
Your master tells me you're not entirely unschooled. What training do you possess?

The BRIDE *
I am proficient in Crane Style. And I am more than proficient in the exquisite art of the Samurai Sword.

PAI MEI *
(he makes a SNORTING SOUND)
The exquisite art of the samurai sword. Don't make me laugh. Your so-called exquisite art, is only fit for Japanese fat heads. You really are a silly ass.

This brings up The Bride's eyes...She GLARES at the old man.

PAI MEI *
Impudent dog! You dare glare at me!

She lowers her eyes.

The BRIDE *
I'm sorry master --

PAI MEI *
-- Silence! I do not wish to hear your unintelligible excuses.

Pause...

THEN...

Pai Mei softly LAUGHS to himself, and strokes his long white beard...

PAI MEI *
Your anger amuses me. Do you believe you are my match?

The BRIDE *
No.

PAI MEI *
Are you aware I kill at will?

The BRIDE *
Yes.

PAI MEI *
Is it your wish to die?

The BRIDE *
No.

PAI MEI *
Then you must be stupid. Rise stupid, and let me get a better look at your ridiculous face.

She rises.

CU The BRIDE
through the scrim, eyes down.

Pai Mei laughs to himself again;

PAI MEI *
You breathe hard. The one hundred steps robbed you of your wind. So your stupidity is matched only by your weakness. Is there anything you do well? -- Oh yes, you speak Japanese. I despise the Goddamn Japs. I would of thought an American would be immune to their pompous posturing. Apparently I was wrong. Go to that drawer.

The blonde woman goes to a large wooden drawer. She opens the drawer; it's filled with just about every type of edged weapon.

PAI MEI *
Remove the sword.

The Bride removes a large heavy steel Chinese Sword.

Pai Mei rises from his sitting position, for the first time, parts the scrim, and approaches The Bride.

PAI MEI *
Let's see how good you really are. Try and land a blow. If you land a single blow, I'll bow down and call you master.

The Bride doesn't need a second invitation, she ATTACKS with the sword.

He deftly moves out of the way.

The fighting style is now like an old Shaw Brothers film, with Pai Mei dodging at will all of her rapid sword slashes.

Quick and Skillful as her moves are, they're also full of Effort and Frustration. While Pai Mei effortlessly moves out of the sword's path.

He's amused, and Speaks while they fight;

PAI MEI *
Come now woman, can't you even hit an old man?

She tries more...

PAI MEI *
Your ability really is quite poor.

He STRIKES her with a blow to her chest, delivered with an open palm, that sends her flying back hard against the wall. She clutches her chest, and coughs up some blood.

Pai Mei laughs as he strokes his long white beard.

PAI MEI *
Ha ha ha ha ha! I've fought cripples who posed more of a challenge. Now fight, Goddamn you!

She ATTACKS with a wild cat's fury.

He HOPS and DUCKS and DODGES her sword easily.

He LEAPS HIGH UP IN THE AIR, and LANDS STANDING on the Blade of her Sword.

The Bride looks down the blade of her sword and can't believe it.

Pai Mei smiles at her and says;

PAI MEI *
From here you can get an excellent view of my foot.

He does a BACKFLIP off the sword, kicking The Bride in the face in mid-somersault sending her CRASHING THROUGH A WOOD WALL.

The Bride emerges from the hole in the wall.

Pai Mei stands waiting for her, TWIRLING THE SWORD in his hand like a cheerleader twirling a baton, till the twirling STOPS. The Sword's Handle is pointed towards The Bride.

PAI MEI *
Give up? Or care to try again?

The BRIDE'S FACE
shows determination. Not to win, not even to land a blow, that she knows is impossible. This man's ability is truly amazing. However be that as it may, she's determined not to quit, and through not quitting, she's determined to distinguish herself in his eyes...in some way.

She takes the Sword from him and tries again.

But this time, Pai Mei keeps grabbing her arm that holds the Sword, manipulating it into positions that would do the young girl harm...Like bringing the blade up against her other arm...Poised to Cut it Off...

PAI MEI *
That blade's sharp. Careful not to cut off your own arm.

...Then he TWISTS her arm, till the blade's against her own throat....

...Then TWISTS again till it's against her hip...

...Then TWISTS again while KICKING her leg, till the blade's edge is against her thigh...

PAI MEI *
If you can't fight any better than that, what use do you have for a leg?

He lets go of her arm, she Swings Furiously at him...

...he calmly SPINS out of the way. Then, he KICKS her in the stomach, doubling her over, then he brings the Sword between her legs, Blade Edge against her Crotch.

PAI MEI *
Now that really would be a shame.

He takes the sword from her grasp....

SWINGS once...

The BLADE'S against her jugular.

He SWINGS twice...

The BLADE'S against the pocket of her throat.

He SWINGS a third time...

The BLADE'S against the nipple of her right breast.

PAI MEI *
Your swordsmanship is amateur at best.

He tosses the sword in the air, catching it by the tip of the blade. Then like a mallet, brings the handle end down hard on the top of The Bride's head. She lets out a howl, and falls to the floor, holding the lump on her noggin.

PAI MEI *
I'm a hundred and fifty years old, and you can't even make me break a sweat.

He CHOPS the sword in half with his hand.

PAI MEI *
Let's see your Crane Style match my Eagle's Claw.

Again she ATTACKS...again he eludes.

Like a Gordon Liu and Lo Lieh film, they do their animal-style Martial Arts Dance.

As she STRIKES and he BLOCKS...he yells out;

PAI MEI *
...Pathetic....Terrible...You idiot, you should've landed that blow... You call that Crane?...Enough, I grow bored.

With little effort on his part, he reaches out and GRABS her wrist, TWISTS....She's on the floor, with her arm stuck out in the air behind her, her wrist still between his fingers. He could literally break her arm in half.

PAI MEI *
I asked you to show me what you know, and you did. Not a Goddamn thing.

He TWISTS her wrist...

...The pain is excruciating....

PAI MEI *
Like all yankee women, the only thing you know how to do is order in restaurants and spend a man's money.

He TWISTS more...

She CRIES OUT.

PAI MEI *
Excruciating isn't it? I asked you a question!

Through gritted teeth, she answers;

The BRIDE *
Yes!

PAI MEI *
I could chop off your arm at will. I think I shall.

He raises his other hand to chop off her arm.

The Bride SCREAMS in ENGLISH;

The BRIDE
No please don't!

PAI MEI *
If you wish to speak romantic languages, you've come to the wrong place.

The BRIDE *
Please don't cut my arm off!

PAI MEI *
It's my arm now. I can do with it what I please. If you can stop me, I suggest you try.

The BRIDE *
I can't!

PAI MEI *
Because you're helpless?

The BRIDE *
Yes!

PAI MEI *
Have you ever felt this before?

The BRIDE *
No!

PAI MEI *
Compared to me you're as helpless as a worm fighting an eagle, aren't you?

The BRIDE
YES!!!

PAI MEI *
THAT'S THE BEGGING!

He lets go of her wrist. She cradles her still-throbbing arm.

PAI MEI *
Is it your wish to learn how to make others as helpless as you were?

The BRIDE *
Yes.

PAI MEI *
Can you cook?

The BRIDE *
Yes.

PAI MEI *
I'll be the judge of that.
(PAUSE)
Draw me a bath...Your training will begin tomorrow. That arm is still mine. You may lose it yet.

TIME CUT

EXT - WHITE LOTUS TEMPLE - DAY

Pai Mei stands in front of a wood wall three inches in front of him. His right fist is cocked back by his breastplate, he's concentrating on a certain spot on the wall.

The Bride stands behind him, watching.

He lets out a SCREAM, and puts his fist THROUGH THE WALL.

He turns to the new student;

PAI MEI *
Since your arm now belongs to me, I want it strong. Can you do that?

The BRIDE *
I can, but not that close.

PAI MEI *
Then you can't do it.

The BRIDE *
I can put my hand through that at six inches.

PAI MEI *
And you could shoot a man from a rooftop with a scope-sight rifle, if you so desired, but this is not what I asked. What if your enemy is three inches in front of you, what do you do then? Curl into a ball? Or do you put your fist through him.

He HITS the wall again leaving another hole.

PAI MEI *
Now begin.

The Bride takes her place in front of the wall. She HITS it. Only managing to stain the wall with the blood from her scraped knuckles. Then again. And again....

INT - DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

Both Pai Mei and The Bride sit at the dinner table. Pai Mei concentrates on eating. The Bride's hand is scraped bloody. She tries to eat a bowl of rice with chopsticks, but her fingers won't work. She puts down the sticks and takes a scoop of rice with her fingers.

Pai Mei WHACKS her on top of her head with his stick.

PAI MEI *
If you want to eat like a dog, I will make you live and sleep like a dog. Outside. If you want to live and sleep like a human being, pick up those sticks.

She does.

The WOOD WALL

The Bride HITTING it.

She looks at her fucked-up hand, then to the wall, hesitating....Then Pai Mei's behind her.

PAI MEI *
It's the wood that should fear your hand, not the other way around. No wonder you can't do it, you acquiesce to defeat before you even begin.

He walks off in a huff.

EXT - PIT - DAY

Pai Mei and The Bride stand at the edge of a large, round deep pit, dug in the earth (by The Bride).

PAI MEI *
In that pit, is a rat.

We see one lone rat in the huge pit.

PAI MEI *
In the sky, is a bird.

Pai Mei takes a pebble and flicks it into the air.

The BIRD FALLS to the earth dead.

PAI MEI *
You are to go into that pit, and catch that rat, with your bare hands. If you catch the rat, I will deem you the victor, and tonight you will dine on bird. But, if you can't catch the rat by sundown, I'll deem the victor the rat. And because of the disgrace to my student, I will be forced to kill it. And then I will force you, to consume his body. Because to be my student, you must develop a taste for victory.

She hops into the pit, gets down on the ground, locks eyes with her rodent opponent, and goes after it.

The BRIDE
carrying buckets of water, up the one hundred steps...

The BRIDE
practicing a strange breathing technique that Pai Mei teaches her. The same technique used in the coffin.

The BRIDE
Practicing her Crane Kung Fu.

MORE wall...

At NIGHT punching the wall in front of her in her sleep.

Trying to catch the rat to no avail.

WHEN...

A golden arrow kills the rat.

She looks up and sees Pai Mei, golden bow in his hand, looking down on her. It's sundown.

She stands, dusting herself off (She's dirty from the chase) and looks at her teacher.

She picks her dead foe up from the earth, and removes the golden arrow. Then with the rat in her hand, she looks up to her teacher.

The BRIDE *
I acknowledge defeat at the paws of this rat. However, I will not eat this filthy vermin. What I will do...
(She RIPS the rat open like a pomegranate)
...is consume his victorious heart.
(She snatches the tiny heart from the rodent's carcass. Holding it between her fingers.)
But tomorrow, you kill a big bird.

She POPS the tiny rat heart in her mouth, and begins to chew.

Pai Mei looking down on her, says;

PAI MEI *
How does victory taste?

The BRIDE *
Bitter.

We do a Shaw Brothers ZOOM into a CU on Pai Mei, he gives an affirmative NOD and GRUNT.

The BRIDE'S FIST
goes through the wall.

The BRIDE
(to herself)
Wow!

INT - PAI MEI'S PRIVATE BATH - DAY

Pai Mei splashing by himself in his huge bathtub, when he hears a noise.

PAI MEI *
Woman, is that <u>you</u> who disturbs my meditation?

She answers from outside the door;

The BRIDE'S VOICE (OS)
Yes, teacher.

PAI MEI *
Enter.

She does, bowing to one knee.

PAI MEI *
What news do you find so worthy, as to disrupt my bath?

The BRIDE *
I did it teacher. I put my fist through the wall.

TIME CUT

PAI MEI and The BRIDE
looking at the hole in the wall.

PAI MEI *
Very good. Would you care to demonstrate?

She moves in front of the wall.....Takes her position... Her right hand in a fist -- Locked and loaded into position ....With her left hand she reaches out and touches the wall where she'll strike....Like she's transferring her energy into the wood...She removes her left hand...and... STRIKES!

She Hits it HARD, but her fist doesn't go through.

Her eyes sneak a look at the old man, who wears no expression.

The BRIDE *
I think you watching is making me nervous.

PAI MEI *
Not only that, it has you speaking before you were spoken to. Try again.

She does.

And when she does,

she DOES it.

CU PAI MEI
he says in ENGLISH;

PAI MEI
Impressive.

He begins to pace back and forth looking at his student.

PAE MEI *
Your Kung Fu is quite good. Your power...superb...really top rate... But your form... that's even better. Who would have guessed you were so talented.

The Bride, after two years, hearing her first words of praise is overcome. She immediately goes down to her knees.

The BRIDE *
Thank you teacher -- You're too kind.

PAI MEI *
Get off your knees.

She rises.

PAI MEI *
My appraisal of your accomplishments is sound and sincere. I'm rarely kind, I'm never too kind.

THEN...

He MOVES the wall one inch in front of her.

PAI MEI *
Begin again.

Then the old man leaves to finish his bath.

The blonde gal begins again....Fist against wood...no effect....starting all over.

CUT TO

BACK TO COFFIN, SIX FEET UNDER

CU The BRIDE in Profile. Her breathing is the strange Pai Mei breathing technique we observed earlier. We can also Hear the soft Beat of her Heart inside the pine box. Her composure is back.

Taking the flashlight, she Shines the Beam on the Lid above her....Along the line of the coffin's Rim and the Lid where the nails meet...Then down to her Red Cowboy Boots, bound by a Leather Belt around them.

Raising her knees, as much as the coffin will allow, and Wiggling her Feet, she Slips her Bare feet out of the boots and the belt's binding...Then, using her bare feet, then her bound-at-the-Wrist hands, to pass one of the boots up to her...When the red boot is in her grasp, she turns it upside down....The STRAIGHT RAZOR falls out.

Opening the razor, she slices through the ropes that tie her wrists, till both hands are free.

She positions the flashlight so its Beam Shines on the Coffin Lid. The Lid's about an inch and a half from the tip of her nose, about three inches from her hand.

THEN...

AS COMBAT DRUMS BEGIN TO BEAT ON THE SOUNDTRACK, she begins to Concentrate. Her eyes focus on the Wood above her, her left hand reaches out, touches the Pine, passing her energy to it...

...Her long, white fingers, ball up into a FIST....

...and that FIST begins STRIKING the Coffin Lid above her.

With each Strike she lets out a KARATE SCREAM...

AGAIN...

and AGAIN....

Her FIST SMASHES into the wood, leaving BLOOD on the lid..

AGAIN...

and AGAIN....

a crack in the lid...

AGAIN...

dirt begins to sift through the cracks onto The Bride...

AGAIN...

more dirt..

AGAIN...

even more dirt...

CU The BRIDE'S FACE FREEZE FRAME
MUSIC CUTS OUT and her voice speaks over;

The BRIDE (VO)
Remember. The surface is straight up. Just keep going straight up.

UNFREEZE

AGAIN...

THE LID SMASHES and dirt pours into the coffin like water...

THEN...

through six feet of dirt, We Watch, The Bride - DIG - CLIMB - SWIM - SPROUT - BURROW - through the earth like a sprouting plant and a burrowing mole combined, clawing for surface air.

EXT - PAULA SCHULTZ'S GRAVE - NIGHT

A SHOT straight out of an Italian horror film. We See the tombstone of "PAULA SCHULTZ," and the mound of dirt over her grave...

WHEN...

The Bride's hand breaks the surface...then like one of Fulci's Zombies, Claws, Digs, and Pulls herself from mother earth's womb.

Once extracted from her (almost) final resting place, she rolls over on her back, exhausted. She drinks in the night's air as if it were gulps of water.

DIRT is in, on, and under every crack, crevice, and wrinkle on her body.

SHE looks like a beautiful sculpture, made out of dirt.

INT - DINER - NIGHT

A Texas diner across the street from the graveyard.
A YOUNG SODA JERK stands behind the counter, waiting for a customer, when he sees something approaching through the restaurant's big picture window that makes him look twice.

SODA JERK'S POV:
Through the picture window, We See The Bride, emerge from the Texas night, and walk towards the diner looking for all the world like a six-foot tall female version of the Peanuts character "PIG PEN." With each of her footfalls, a small mushroom cloud of dust comes off of her.

The dirty blonde, walks into the diner, sits on a stool at the counter directly across from the Soda Jerk, and says;

The BRIDE
I'd like a glass of water.

FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME
TITLE CARD:

Chapter eight

"ELLE and I"

CUT TO

CU ELLE DRIVER
behind the wheel of a hot black and gold Trans Am, driving full out on top of the desert's surface. Spanish Rock coming out of her powerful speakers.

EXT - DESERT BUDD'S CAMPER - DAY

The car stops in front of Budd's camper. She shuts off the car and the radio.

The Camper door opens, Budd squints outside through the bright gold, hot desert morning, at The Tall Blonde Girl with One Good Eye.

BUDD
Want some breakfast?

INT - BUDD'S CAMPER'S KITCHEN - DAY

Budd and Elle in the tiny kitchen of Budd's tiny camper. Elle sits at the kitchen table, a black suitcase by her feet. Budd stands at a blender making them both breakfast margaritas, as he finishes telling the tale of last night.

ELLE
...So that's called a Texas funeral?

BUDD
Yep.

ELLE
I got to give it to ya Budd, that's a pretty fucked up way to die. What's the name on the grave she's buried under?

BUDD
Paula Schultz.

Budd turns on the NOISY blender, as Elle writes down the name Paula Schultz on a small notepad, placing it back inside her pocket. As the blender MASHES ICE, Elle looks around and sees The Bride's Hanzo Sword in its sheath, leaning up against the T.V. in the front room. Budd shuts the blender off.

ELLE
Can I look at the sword?

BUDD
That's my money in that black case?

ELLE
Sure is.

BUDD
Well then, it's your sword now.

The tall blonde girl steps into the living room, takes the Hanzo sword, and sits back down on the kitchen chair.

She slowly removes the Japanese Steel from its Wood Sheath.

ELLE
So this, is a Hattori Hanzo sword.

Budd answers as he fills up two former peanut butter jars with breakfast Margaritas.

BUDD
That's a Hanzo sword alright.

ELLE
Bill tells me you once had one of your own ?

Pause.

BUDD
Once.

ELLE
How does this one compare to that one?

BUDD
If you're gonna compare a Hanzo sword, you compare it to every sword ever made -- wasn't made by Hattori Hanzo. Here, wrap your lips around this.

He hands her her Margarita, she takes a sip. He takes a gulp.

BUDD
So, which "R" you filled with?

ELLE
What?

BUDD
They say the number one killer of old people is retirement. People got a job to do, they tend to live a little longer so they can do it. I've always figured warriors and their enemies share the same relationship. So now you ain't gonna hafta face your enemy on the battlefield no more, which "R" are you filled with, Relief or Regret?

ELLE
A little bit of both.

BUDD
Bullshit. I'm sure you do feel a little bit of both. But I know damn well you feel one more than you feel the other. The question was which one?

Elle looks right at him with her eye, and says;

ELLE
Regret.

BUDD
Yeah you gotta hand it to the ol' girl. I never saw nobody buffalo Bill the way she buffaloed Bill. Bill useta think she was so damn smart. I tried to tell him... Bill, she's just smart for a blonde.

He looks over at Elle and grins.

Elle looks at him.

ELLE
Want your money?

She gestures to the black suitcase by her feet.

He smiles and lifts it up on the table, unzipping it open.

Lying inside is a cool million, the thousand dollar bills are in stacks of a hundred thousand each. At the sight of all this lettuce, Budd lets out a whistle.

He lifts a stack out of the bag, then another, then another...and when he lifts the third stack out, he looks down and sees a BLACK MAMBA SNAKE coiled underneath.

The Black Mamba opens its WIDE JAWS...and LEAPS RIGHT AT BUDD...

...STRIKING Budd in the face repeatedly in blurred succession (three times in the face, and once in the forearm).

Budd topples out of the kitchen chair onto the floor, bundles of money fall with him.

Elle takes a sip of her Margarita.

The Black Mamba leaves Budd and goes under the refrigerator.

Elle looks down, Budd lies on his back on the kitchen floor at her feet. His face is already grotesquely swollen and white as a sheet. The serpent's extraordinarily potent venom makes a full-frontal assault on the cowboy's nervous system.

ELLE
Oh, I'm sorry Budd, that was rude of me wasn't it?
Budd -- I'd like to introduce my friend, The Black Mamba.
(gesturing towards the refrigerator)
Black Mamba -- this is Budd.
You know before I picked up that little fella, I looked him up on the internet.
(she removes her notepad from her pocket)
Fascinating creature The Black Mamba. Listen to this,
(reading from the notepad)
"...In Africa, the saying goes, in the bush, an elephant can kill you. A leopard can kill you. And a Black Mamba can kill you. But only with the Mamba, and this has been true in Africa since the dawn of time, is death sure. Hence its handle; Death Incarnate."
(looking up from the paper)
Pretty cool, huh?
(back to paper)
"...Its neurotoxic venom is one of nature's most effective poisons, acting on the nervous system causing paralysis. The venom of a Black Mamba can kill a human in four hours, if say bitten on the ankle or the thumb. However, a bite to the face or torso can bring death from paralysis within twenty minutes.
(up from paper to Budd)
Now you should listen to this cause this concerns you.
(reading from paper)
The amount of venom that can be delivered from a single bite can be gargantuan.

(MORE)

ELLE (CONT'D)
(looks up from paper)
-- You know I've always liked that word Gargantuan, and I so rarely have an opportunity to use it in a sentence.
(back to paper)
"If not treated quickly with anti-venom, 10 to 15 milligrams can be fatal to human beings. However, the Black Mamba can deliver as much as 100 to 400 milligrams of venom from a single bite."

Elle finishes reading and puts the paper away. She looks down at Budd at her feet, going through all the symptoms she just described.

ELLE
Now in these last agonizing minutes of life you have left, let me answer the question you asked earlier, more thoroughly. When it comes to that bitch, I gotta lotta "R's" in me. Revenge is one. Retribution is another. Rivalry is definitely one. But I got another "R" for that bitch you might be surprised to find out. Respect. But right at this moment, the biggest "R" I feel, is Regret. Regret that maybe the greatest warrior I have ever met, met her end at the hands of a bushwackin, alacky piece of shit like you. The woman deserved better.

Budd, dying, watches from the floor as Elle takes out her cell phone and presses one button. The other party comes on the line, but we never hear their side.

ELLE
(into phone)
Bill...Elle. I have some tragic news.
(pause)
Your brother's dead.
(pause)
I'm sorry baby.

Budd tries to make a sound from the floor, Elle calmly places her foot over his mouth.

ELLE (CON'T)
She put a Black Mamba in his camper.
(pause)
I got her, sweety.
(pause)
She's dead.
(pause)
Let me put it this way. If you ever start feeling sentimental, go to Austin, Texas. When you get here, walk into a florist and buy a bunch of flowers. Then you take those flowers to Huntington cemetery on Fuller and Guadalupe, look for the headstone marked "Paula Schultz," then lay them on the grave. Because you will be standing at the final resting place of BEATRIX KIDDO.

WE FLASH ON
The BRIDE'S DRIVER'S LICENSE (the real one), with both her picture and the name, BEATRIX KIDDO. Yes, that's her real name.

FLASH ON
CLASSROOM of 1st Graders on the first day of class.

A 1st GRADE TEACHER reads roll call;

1st GRADE TEACHER
Melanie Harrhouse.

WE WHIP PAN ACROSS A bunch of kids to an EX CU of 1st grader MELANIE HARRHOUSE.

MELANIE
Here.

1st GRADE TEACHER
Beatrix Kiddo.

WHIP PAN TO AN EX CU OF The grown-up BRIDE,

The BRIDE
Here.

BACK TO ELLE ON PHONE

ELLE
I'm so sorry baby. -- Look, I can get there in about four hours, should I come over?
(pause)
No no no no no, you need me baby. I'm there.
(pause)
Okay, I'm leaving now, go smoke some pot or something. I'll be there soon.

She hangs up the cell phone, and looks down at the dead man under her shoe.

Picking up the Hanzo sword, she climbs down on the floor on her hands and knees to pick up the fallen money.

CU The BLACK MAMBA
out from under the refrigerator, behind Elle...

Elle senses it. And slowly turns her head to look back..

Both Black Mamba and Elle Driver LOCK EYES...

ZOOM INTO BOTH CU's tighter and tighter, till Elle says;

ELLE
Bring it on, bitch.

The viper known as death incarnate, LEAPS at Elle.

EX CU PROFILE ELLE'S FACE
and Black Mamba's - jaws wide open - HEAD. The serpent's mouth and fangs stop short of Elle's beautiful profile. We see she's caught him with her hand and is holding him.

She stands up, looks around the trailer at her handiwork. - THEN - twists the snake's head, RIPPING its head and spine from its body.

She tosses the two separate pieces on the floor.

THEN

With one hand carrying the suitcase, and the other holding the Hanzo sword, she opens the trailer door.

Only to see the Bride - still covered in dirt - in a mid-air Kung Fu kick - flying through the air - straight at her.

EX CU ELLE'S EYE
It blinks...

The Bride hits Elle viciously hard - both feet landing on her chest - smashing her against the back wall of the trailer.

Both of them manage to get to their feet - and both attack one another.....

What follows is the cinematic Kung Fu cat fight of all times. Trapped inside Budd's white trash trailer - the two blondes go at each other tooth and nail.

Blond hair whipping - long legs and arms flying - they bounce each other off the walls.

We'll find out later that Elle, as well, studied under Pai Mei. And the women are doing their best close-quarter eagle's claw rip tear and flip that the small trailer will allow.

But along with the savage martial arts - that isn't pretty - as the two blondes smash and clash against everything in the trailer, they also scratch, claw, bite, and pull hair like two six-foot tall blonde whirling dervishes.

All the while, Elle holds the Hanzo sword, but the space is too confined. She can't remove the steel from its sheath. Every time she tries, The Bride, the wall, the ceiling, or a piece of furniture circumvents it. The Bride takes a few hits from the sword's wooden sheath.

After doing a good job of destroying the place, and tearing the shit out of each other, The Bride manages a kick that sends Elle out the front door of the trailer, into the dirt.

The Bride SLAMS the front door shut - locking it.

She begins searching the camper, quickly, for something in particular. We don't have the slightest clue what it could be.

Elle picks herself up from the dirt.

The BRIDE
searching the camper.

ELLE
dusts herself off.

The BRIDE
searching...

ELLE
unsheaths The Bride's Hattori Hanzo sword - with GREAT FLOURISH.

The BRIDE
searching under his bed, she sees a sword on the floor, resting in a shiny, black wood mahogany sheath. She removes it from its hiding place.

ELLE
Hanzo steel in hand -

ELLE
Beatrix, get your boney ass out here!

WOOD SHEATH
It's one of Hanzo's sheaths. She opens it. It is a Hanzo sword. Near the handle, etched in the steel, are the English words; "To My Brother Budd, The Only Man I Ever Loved, from Bill."

She closes the sheath, this will do.

The BRIDE
Elle!

ELLE (OS)
Yeah!

The BRIDE
I'll be right out!

The camper door swings open. The Bride emerges from Budd's home, looking like a Barbie doll that's been dug up after ten years buried in the backyard, carrying Budd's Hanzo sword. Every footfall creating a cloud of dust.

The two women, each carrying a samurai sword, face each other in showdown position.

A shark smile spreads across Elle's face.

ELLE
I actually thought that alacky had got the best of you.

The BRIDE
You thought wrong.

Without raising their swords into position, the two blonde warriors circle each other.

ELLE
(referring to the sword)
What's that?

The BRIDE
Budd's Hanzo sword.

ELLE
He said he pawned it.

The BRIDE
Guess that makes him a liar, don't it?

CU of both blondes circling each other. Each of their faces have bloody gouge marks where the other's fingernails have been.

ELLE
By the way, Bea. You don't have to thank me for Budd.

The BRIDE
Then I won't.

ELLE
But you should.

The BRIDE
But I shant. I challenge you to a one-stroke duel of separate stances.

ELLE
Who chooses the first stance?

The BRIDE
You do.

ELLE
Accepted.

The BRIDE
(question)
Elle?

ELLE
(answer)
Bea.

The BRIDE
I was wondering, just 'tween us girls, what did you say to Pai Mei for him to snatch out your eye?

FLASHBACK - SPAGHETTI-WESTERN STYLE
of Pai Mei SNATCHING out Elle's eye with his Eagle's Claw.

ELLE
I called him a miserable old fool.

The BRIDE
Oooh, not so good. Did he make you practice after he did it?

ELLE
Yes. Five hours.

The BRIDE
That's what he always said he'd do.

ELLE
That's exactly what he did.
(beat)
Know what I did?

The BRIDE
No, what?

ELLE
I killed that miserable old fool.

SHAW ZOOM into The BRIDE'S FACE. Surprise.

ELLE
I poisoned his fish heads.

SPAGHETTI-WESTERN FLASHBACK

PAI MEI at his dinner table - retching - then vomiting blood. His eyes and accusing finger pointing at Elle Driver across the room, bandage over her eye.

* When Elle speaks Mandarin it comes out dubbed English spoken with a very slight British accent.

ELLE *
How do you like the fish heads, you miserable old fool?

PEI MEI *
Elle, you treacherous dog.

He falls to the floor.

Elle leans her head back and laughs.

ELLE *
You bleed just like a stuck pig.

Pai Mei on the floor dying, his indignity pulls him slightly forward...

PAI MEI *
(with his angry
dying breath)
I - give - you - my - word --

Her bare foot pushes his chest to the ground, and she says;

ELLE *
To me - the word - of an old fool like you - is worth - less than nothing.

Pai Mei dies.

Elle Driver laughs.

BACK TO THE DESERT

SHAW BROTHERS ZOOM into Elle Driver laughing after telling the story.

ELLE
It'll be a long time in the future before I ever forget the look on that poor bastard's face.

SHAW BROTHERS ZOOM into The Bride's face, accompanied by the vengeance theme, and the pulsating blood vein on her forehead.

The BRIDE
Bitch, you don't have a future.

She yanks the steel Hanzo sword out of the wood sheath.

The BRIDE
Take your stance.

A gust of wind blows past both ladies.

And moves some wind chimes hanging in front of Budd's trailer.

The chimes ring.

The BRIDE
When the chimes end, strike.

She brings her sword to combat position, and takes her stance.

THEN...

SPAGHETTI WESTERN MUSIC EXPLODES ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

The two blonde warriors....swords in position...no longer circle each other....but instead move forward...closer and closer to each other....one baby step at a time...

CU OF GIRLS

EX CU'S OF:

Their separate GRIPS on the SWORD'S HANDLE.

Their FEET moving closer.

The Bride's eyes.

Elle's Eye.

The Tips of each other's Blade.

Their Blonde Hair.

As the Operatic Spaghetti Western Music Builds to a crescendo...We CUT BACK AND FORTH between CU's of the two women that get TIGHTER AND TIGHTER as we ZOOM in CLOSER and CLOSER....UNTIL...We reach the THEME'S CLIMAX...

...THEME STOPS

...wind chimes...settle...settle...end.

Both women swing their blades.

EX EX CU: Of TIP OF BLADE SLICING OPEN SKIN, about a quarter of an inch. It looks like a scalpel cut. No blood. Just skin separating. We don't know who's cut.

The TWO WOMEN stand with their swords extended. Neither knows if it's them who's been struck.

We feel a count of...one Mississippi...

Elle brings her blade into frame, clean as a whistle...

We feel a count of...two Mississippi...

The Bride brings her blade into frame, there's a smudge of crimson on its tip.

ELLE,
BLOOD begins to PROJECTILE SPRAY out of a slice in Elle's neck only a quarter of an inch long. The Blood does not exit the neck as liquid but as a FINE RED MIST, like that of an aerosol can, we even HEAR that slight SPRAY WHISTLE. Elle feels nothing. She turns her eyes towards the sound of the spray, and sees the blood escaping her like air from a balloon. She lifts her hand and places it in the path of the spray, it's immediately BATHED IN RED.

Elle drops The Bride's sword.

As her blood continues to escape, both women look across to each other, and Elle says;

ELLE
Wow.

Elle falls to her knees.

The Bride looks down at her.

Elle puts her hand in the projectile spray again.

ELLE
It feels so good. It's so warm.

The blood now comes from her mouth. She topples over dead.

The Bride violently whips her sword through the air, removing Elle's blood. Then while looking at her fallen arch-enemy, returns the blade to its sheath.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The Bride
digs a grave in the desert night for Elle, whose dead body lies beside her.

It begins to rain.

As she digs, the rain washes off The Bride's dirty outer shell.

When she finishes the grave, she's standing in a grave with the water up to her knees. She climbs out, and rolls Elle's dead body into the hole.

She SPLASHES in the grave, disappearing into the muddy water.

WOODEN CROSS
in the rain. Using her sog, The Bride carves the name "L. Driver" on the cross.

Then like a boothill grave, pounds the cross into the ground.

The yellow pussy wagon drives off.

FADE TO BLACK

BLACK FRAME
TITLE APPEARS:

Final chapter

The blood-splattered
BRIDE

INT - BILL'S HACIENDA - DAY

Bill on the patio of his beautiful hacienda home (named Villa Quatro) located on the beach in Mexico.
At the moment Bill is partaking of his current hobby...
...Flower Arranging.

With his hands among various flowers of BRIGHT COLORS, he sorts and prunes a very pretty arrangement.

We will crosscut the scene in Bill's hacienda with...

INT - MEXICAN CANTINA - DAY

A modest - but nice Mexican cantina - An old Mexican gentleman, immaculately groomed, sits in a wheelchair alone at a table drinking tequila out of a snifter and reading "The Wall Street Journal."

His name is ESTEBAN VIHAIO.

The Bride enters the cantina.

HACIENDA

Bill's Mexican housekeeper, JOSEPHINA, appears on the patio.

JOSEPHINA
Mr. Bill, you wanted me to tell you to leave now.

BILL
(finishing up)
Yes, I got to go and meet the Duchess.

CANTINA

The young Bride approaches the old man's table.

The BRIDE
Senor Esteban Vihaio?

ESTEBAN
Yes.

The BRIDE
May I join you?

HACIENDA

BILL
(referring to the flowers)
Do you like it?

JOSEPHINA
Oh yes Mr. Bill, it's very pretty.

BILL
Why don't you put it on the dinner table, so we can enjoy it tonight.

JOSEPHINA
(she takes it)
Good idea, she'll love it.

CANTINA

ESTEBAN
American?

The BRIDE
Yes. I can speak a little Spanish, if you prefer -

ESTEBAN
No no no no, I prefer English. I haven't spoken it in awhile and I relish the opportunity to converse with such a pretty companion as yourself.

The Bride sits.

The BRIDE
It's my pleasure to be in the company of such a fine gentleman as yourself.

ESTEBAN
I must warn you, young lady. I am a fool for flattery.

She smiles.

HACIENDA

As he heads out the patio, he tells her;

BILL
Oh and Josephina, take the remaining flowers and spread them around the house, if you would.

JOSEPHINA
Yes, Mr. Bill.

He exits the patio.

CANTINA

ESTEBAN
So now, senorita, how can I be of service to you?

The BRIDE
Where's Bill?

ESTEBAN
Aaaahhhha, you must be Beatrix?

HACIENDA

After exiting, Bill pops his head back in.

BILL
You know I just had a great idea. Take the roses, and spread the petals on the bed I just got for her. That'd be a nice thing to come home to, wouldn't it, a bed of roses.

JOSEPHINA
Oh, she'll love that Mr. Bill.

BILL
You wouldn't mind doing that for me, would you Josephina?

JOSEPHINA
No, not at all.

CANTINA

ESTEBAN
Yessss, I see the attraction. I remember when he was only five. I took him to the movies. It was a movie starring Lana Turner. And whenever she would appear on screen, he would begin sucking his thumb to an obsessive amount. And I knew right then, this boy would be a fool for blondes.

We follow behind Bill as he moves through his house...He slips on his jacket...Grabs his keys...TWO energetic GERMAN SHEPHERDS follow him out the front door onto his driveway.

On his way to his silver Porsche, he roughhouse plays with the dogs. When he gets to the sportscar, the dogs won't leave him alone and one jumps on the Porsche. He yells at it.

BILL
Get the fuck off the car, Lucy, Lucy, down!

CANTINA

ESTEBAN
He is at Villa Quattro, on the road to Salina. Do you know the place?

The BRIDE
I know the place.

ESTEBAN
Bill is like a son to me. Do you know why I help you?

The Bride shakes her head, no.

ESTEBAN
Because he would want me to.

The BRIDE
That, I don't believe.

Esteban smiles.

ESTEBAN
How else is he ever going to see you again?

FLASH ON
EX CU The BRIDE'S EYE
...Watching...

The Gates in front of Bill's Hacienda home open, and his silver Porsche hits the streets running.

FLASH ON
EX CU The Bride
...Watching...A SUSPENSE THEME PLAYS OVER THE SHOTS of The Bride's Eye every time we cut to it. Over the SHOTS OF BILL DRIVING we hear a SPANISH TRAGIC LOVE BALLAD, coming from the car radio.

BILL
driving his convertible as the beach WHIZZES by in the background.

The Bride's eye

Dirt Road, lined by greener than green trees, the Porsche kicks up dirt ZOOMING down it.

CU BILL
driving as the Spanish love song plays.

The Bride's eye.

A striking but antiseptic-looking INSTITUTION of some sort, surrounded by the beautiful foliage of Mexico. Bill's silver Porsche drives up its driveway.

The Bride's eye.

INT - INSTITUTION -

The institution is not Spanish in style, but on the contrary it's a clinical new-age box-like structure made up of clear glass doors and walls and the color beige.

Bill walks through the glass doors, to a lone Asian FEMALE RECEPTIONIST, her desk is the only furniture in the lobby. In JAPANESE he explains to her his reason for being there.

EX CU The BRIDE'S EYE
...Watching...we now leave any shot of Bill not from The Bride's perspective. The SUSPENSE THEME is STRETCHED TIGHTER and TIGHTER as we look through The Bride's POV and listen to her VO;

The BRIDE (VO)
The attentive audience members among you will have probably noticed, that all my kills have been straight up fights.

The Bride's POV: The Glass-enclosed Institution, and Bill standing by himself in the empty lobby.

The BRIDE (VO)
Y'all figured I'd face him with my Hanzo sword, aye? Well, I figured Bill figured the same thing. I am the product of three godfathers. Bill, Pai Mei, and Hattori Hanzo. Different teachers teach you different things.

(MORE)

The BRIDE (VO; CONT'D)
But one thing I learned from all three, was "In combat, the opponent that does the unexpected, can usually expect to be the victor." Bill would never see this coming. Not from me. And least any of you judge me a bushwacker, remember...It was Bill who taught me how to shoot.

As The Bride has said these things, WE'VE seen INSERTS of her putting together her high-powered scope rifle. Snapping on the scope sight. Setting the FOCUS through the CROSSHAIRS. Loading the heavy-duty AMMO. Curling her long white finger around the rifle's TRIGGER.

SCOPE SIGHT POV: Bill's head in between the Crosshairs. SUSPENSE THEME is STRETCHED TIGHTER STILL...it will soon break.

WIDE SHOT
looking through the Institution's glass wall. The elevator in the lobby opens...and A LITTLE GIRL steps out, and runs into Bill's arms. A LITTLE GIRL about five years old. A FIVE-YEAR-OLD LITTLE GIRL with blonde hair. Bill picks up the Little Girl and lifts her HEAD into the CROSSHAIRS of the SCOPE SIGHT.

SUSPENSE THEME SNAPS into an OPERATIC WAIL...

EX CU: The Bride's finger, pops off the trigger.

EX CU: The Bride's eye, A HUGE TEAR FALLS OUT...We move out of the eyeball, into a MEDIUM CU of The Bride, tears falling down her face...She can't believe what she's looking at...that's her daughter...She's alive...

Her REMEMBERING THEME PLAYS...

FLASH ON
The Bride remembering, while she was in her wide-eyed coma state, lying on an operating table, as DOCTORS AND NURSES performed a Cesarean childbirth on her. The NEWBORN INFANT is passed to other hands above her wide-eyed unblinking expressionless face.

CU of The BRIDE
In one moment, Bill has managed to suddenly change the game.

EXT - LONG LONG LONG EMPTY ROAD IN MEXICO - DAY

Silence, except for a few birds.

THEN...

WE HEAR the Roaring of an Engine, and the Silver Porsche WHIZZES into FRAME.

INT - PORSCHE (MOVING) - DAY

Bill behind the wheel, his little girl asleep in the passenger seat. He sees something ahead.

A convertible Volkswagon Karman Ghia enters the road heading in the opposite direction. It's a long long long way off, but it will get closer every second.

Bill senses something about this automobile, and throws a glance at his sleeping child.

His cell phone RINGS; he answers it.

BILL
Hola.

INT - THE BRIDE'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

The Bride behind the wheel of the convertible, her long blonde hair whipping in the wind, talks to Bill for the first time in five years and six months.

The BRIDE
Hello Bill.

BILL
Kiddo, is that really you?

The BRIDE
Oh, it's me all right.

BILL
I heard you were driving a truck?

The BRIDE
My pussy wagon died on me. Who's your little friend?

He glances down at the sleeping child.

BILL
Oh, you mean the little tow head next to me, who looks extraordinarily like you?

The BRIDE
Yeah, that one.

BILL
Her name is B.B.

The Bride gets choked up again, emotion betrays her voice.

The BRIDE
B.B.?

BILL
Yes. Do you approve?

Her hand moves under her shirt, fingertips rest on scar.

The BRIDE
Yes. Can she hear us?

BILL
Not now, she's in dream land.

The BRIDE
How old is she?

BILL
What do you mean by that?

The BRIDE
How many years has she been alive?

BILL
Don't ask how old she is, ask, if she's five.

The BRIDE
Is she five?

BILL
Aren't mothers like God, aren't you supposed to automatically know?

The BRIDE
I did and I do.
(pause)
I want to meet her.

BILL
Have dinner with us at my hacienda tonight. She's expecting you.

The BRIDE
What do you mean?

BILL
I knew you were on your way, so I told B.B. her mommy was coming to see her.

The BRIDE
(confused)
What have you told her about me?

BILL
That you were sick, that you were asleep, but one day you'd wake up and come back to her. And she asked me, "If Mommy's been asleep since I was born, how will she know what I look like?" To which I replied, "Because Mommy's been dreaming of you." And she said, "Then I'm gonna start dreaming of her." So I gave her a picture of you --

The BRIDE
-- Which one?

BILL
The one I took of you in Paris, sitting on the steps with the baguette in your hand. Since she was one and a half years old, she's slept with that picture of you next to her bed.

The EXACT PHOTO DISSOLVES OVER The Bride's face, then DISSOLVES AWAY.

The BRIDE
You know, prettier photos of me do exist.

BILL
And she's seen them. But the one she wants looking after her while she sleeps is the one of you holding bread.
(pause)
We normally have dinner around seven, is that convenient?

The BRIDE
Yes.

Pause....The cars get closer...

The BRIDE
When do we cross swords?

BILL
Well, it just so happens, my hacienda comes with its very own private beach. And my private beach, just so happens to look in particularly beautiful bathed in moonlight. And there just so happens to be a full moon out tonight. So, swordfighter, if you want to sword fight, that's where I suggest. But if you wanna be old school about it - then we can wait till dawn, and slice each other up at sunrise, like a couple real life honest to goodness samurais. As per usual Kiddo, I'll leave the big decisions up to you.

The cars will soon pass...

The BRIDE
Do me a courtesy?

BILL
Anything.

The BRIDE
Slow down as we pass...I want another look at her.

BILL
Wear something nice tonight?

The BRIDE
I have a dress all picked out.

BILL
Will I like it?

The BRIDE
You said I looked beautiful last time you saw me in it.

BILL
I'll dress up too.

His foot moves off the gas, slowing the car; her foot does the same.

The cars in SLOW MOTION start to pass.

The Bride looks into the other car.

We ZOOM past Bill to the little girl in the passenger seat. We go ONE FRAME AT A TIME till the car moves past us, to Bill holding a pistol with a large silencer pointing right at our face. He FIRES. It emits only a tiny PHOOF.

The Bride throws herself across the passenger seat as the driver's side window EXPLODES over her head.

The two cars pass each other.

The Bride straightens herself in the driver's seat. She looks in the rearview as Bill and her daughter drive away. Grabbing the cell phone she screams in it;

The BRIDE
You fucking maricone!

Bill on his cell, eyes on rearview.

BILL
Now you just wait one second there little missy. Unless I'm confused, we are trying to kill each other aren't we? Now I wasn't planning on taking a shot at you in front of the duchess, but, she is asleep. And if you're gonna forget everything I ever taught you, and gawk like you ain't got good sense, I'm gonna take a shot, am I not?

The BRIDE
Did she wake up?

BILL
Of course not. She's like you that way. I look forward to this evening. It was great speaking with you, Bea.

He hangs up.

INT - WHERE HATTORI HANZO SLEEPS - JAPAN - NIGHT

Hattori Hanzo lies sleeping on his mat...

WHEN...

His phone wakes him up in the middle of the night...He hurriedly answers it.

HANZO (JAPANESE)
(in phone; groggy)
Hello....

INT - MEXICO HOTEL - DAY

The Bride's on the phone, calling Japan, in tears.

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
Hattori!

HANZO (ENGLISH)
Beatrix, what's wrong?

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
She's alive! My baby girl's alive!

CUT TO

INT - MEXICO HOTEL - NIGHT

As a ballad of heartbreaking lament plays over the soundtrack, the Bride puts on a white bridal gown. The exact replica of the one she was bushwacked in.

INT/EXT - The BRIDE'S CONVERTIBLE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Driving to Bill's villa.

Over her CU we DISSOLVE TO A CU OF HANZO talking to her earlier on the phone.

HANZO (JAPANESE)
Half of Bill's strength lies in his talent for the unexpected. If you intend to vanquish this man, and claim your daughter, you must not only expect the unexpected. You must do the unexpected.

WE DISSOLVE BACK to The Bride.

We see the same shots as before of The Bride driving up to Bill's villa, through his iron gates, and parking by his front door. We see Two BLACK-SUITED MALE SATELLITES approach her.

Now comes the new stuff.

She climbs out of the vehicle and raises an incredibly powerful looking handgun...

The two satellites freeze...

She FIRES...

ONE is BLOWN APART by the blast. The bullets seem to be exploding bullets.

She FIRES...

TWO buys the farm.

The three German shepherds from the earlier scene, come out of the shadows charging straight at her.

She shoots the first two...

The third LEAPS at her...

She CATCHES him by the throat, SNAPPING his neck with a quick Kung Fu move, and tossing his dead carcass on the ground like an old fur coat.

She then...

BLASTS the front door, kicking it open and stepping inside.

INT - BILL'S VILLA - NIGHT

ANOTHER BLACK-SUITED SATELLITE hurries down the stairs, reaching for his weapon...

She FIRES the exploding bullet into his kneecap...

He TUMBLES down the stairs landing at her feet.

She points the gun's barrel straight down at his face.

The BRIDE
Hello Manny.

She FIRES...Then moves further into the house.

Apparently, this is the do-the-unexpected part of her plan. Fuck the charade, storm the camp, kill everyone she comes across, send Bill to hell, scoop up her daughter, and head for parts unknown.

So far, so good.

She enters the butcher block kitchen, and finds Bill's cook and housekeeper, Josephina.

Josephina stares at the gun barrel pointed at her.

The BRIDE
Hello Josephina.

JOSEPHINA
Hello Miss Beatrix.

She grabs the housekeeper, and shoves her into the kitchen pantry.

The BRIDE
Stay in here and don't come out. If you leave this room I'll shoot you, comprende?

JOSEPHINA
Yes.

She closes the pantry door, and moves into the hallway leading to the living room.

With her back against the wall, holding her weapon tight, she moves down the hall. As she creeps, an unseen Bill yells to her from around the corner.

BILL'S VOICE (OS)
Kiddo! If you're through shooting the servants, I'm in the living room. You remember how to get to the living room, don'tcha? Go down to the end of the hall, and make a left.

Back against the wall she creeps down the hall to the end. She pumps the slide, and TURNS THE CORNER - WEAPON RAISED - READY TO FIRE...

WHEN...

EX CU The BRIDE'S EYES - blink once.

EX CU HER FINGER comes off the trigger.

What The Bride sees in front of her is, Bill in a tuxedo, holding a small, orange squirt gun pointed at her. Standing next to him is five-year-old little B.B., dressed up in a very pretty party dress, arm outstretched holding a orange squirt gun, aimed at The Bride.

The three look at each other for a moment, then Bill says;

BILL
(loudly)
Bang Bang!

Then he suddenly clutches his abdomen like he's just been shot.

BILL
Oh B.B., Mommy got us.

B.B. lowers her gun and plays out a big dying scene alongside her dad...Bill falls to the floor.

BILL
Oh, I'm dying...I'm dying...

B.B. parrots this.

B.B.
Oh, I'm dying...I'm dying...

Bill on the floor, says up to his little girl;

BILL
Fall down sweetheart, Mommy shot you.

The little girl falls down pretend dead.

The Bride, still absentmindedly pointing her weapon at them, is truly thrown.

Bill delivers his lines from the floor, spoken like a dying breath;

BILL
You did it Quick Draw Kiddo. You-are-the fastest.

And with these last words, pretends to die.

But then while pretending to be dead, he speaks in a dramatic narrator's voice;

BILL
But...little did Quick Draw Kiddo know,...that five-year-old B.B. Gunn was only playing possum, due to the fact she was impervious to bullets.

B.B. raises her head off the floor and says;

B.B.
(to Mommy)
I'm impervious to bullets, Mommy.

BILL
(to B.B.)
Hey, get back down there, you're playing possum.

The little girl's head drops back down.

Bill continues his dramatic narration;

BILL
So, as the smirking killer approached, what she thought, was a bullet-ridden corpse,...that's when the little B.B. Gunn fired.

B.B. springs up holding her tiny orange squirt gun and says;

B.B.
Bang bang!

The Bride continues watching in gobsmackery.

Bill raises his head off the floor, and says to her in his normal voice;

BILL
Mommy, you're dead - so die.

The Bride shakes off her confusion, and acts out a big death scene for her little girl.

The BRIDE
Oh, B.B., you got me. I should have known, you are the best.

She falls to the floor and pretends to die.

The little girl in her party dress, runs over to the big girl in her wedding dress, and kneels over her mommy.

Mommy opens her eyes.

B.B.
Don't die Mommy, I was just playing.

From the floor, looking up at her daughter, she speaks to her for the first time.

MOMMY
I know baby.

They embrace each other.

B.B.
I waited a long time for you to wake up, Mommy. Did you dream of me - I dreamed of you?

The female killer says to her daughter as mommieness begins to creep into her voice;

The BRIDE
Every single night, baby.

She holds her daughter out at arm's length to get a better look at her.

The BRIDE
Now let me look at you. My my my...
What a pretty girl you are.

B.B.
You're pretty too, Mommy.

B.B. starts stroking her mother's long blonde hair.

The BRIDE
Thank you.

All of a sudden, Bill has joined them on the floor.

BILL
When I showed you Mommy's picture,
tell Mommy what you said.

The little girl gets shy.

BILL
C'mon shy girl, you know what you
said, tell Mommy, it'll make her
feel good.

As she strokes her long blonde hair, little B.B. says;

B.B.
I said - I said - You're the most
beautiful woman I ever saw in the
whole white world.

BILL
That's the truth. That's what she
said.

B.B. points to Manny's blood, which splashed a little on The Bride's wedding gown.

B.B.
What's that?

MOMMY
Oh, Mommy spilled something on her dress.

B.B.
Blood?

MOMMY
No. Kool-Aid. Do you like Kool-Aid?

B.B.
No.

BILL
Do you not like it, or do you not know what it is?

Parroting Bill;

B.B.
I do not know what it is.

MOMMY
Well, it's a very tasty beverage that I used to drink, when I was a little girl. It comes in a lot of different flavors and colors, and it's really good. Maybe we should fix some sometime. Want to do that?

The little girl gives a big nod, yes.

BILL
Speaking of fixing and drinking and eating, I think it's dinner time don't you?

B.B. does an exaggerated nod, yes.

BILL
(to Mommy)
When you were doin all that fancy shootin, you didn't happen to shoot a nice Mexican woman about forty-five years old, did ya?

MOMMY
No.

BILL
(wiping imaginary sweat off his brow)
Whew, then dinner should be done.
(shouting to the other room)
Josephina! You can come out now, we're ready for dinner.

JOSEPHINA (OS)
Yes, Mr. Bill.

He offers his hand to Mommy, and helps her to her feet. Then says to B.B.;

BILL
Want to go on top of the world?

She says excitedly;

B.B.
Yeah!

He scoops the little girl up, puts her on his shoulders, and as the mommy and the daddy and their little girl walk through the house towards the dinner table, Bill and B.B. sing The Carpenter's song, "Top Of The World." It's obviously one of their songs.

INT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dining room of Bill's house. The family, mother father and daughter, sit at the dinner table eating.

BILL
B.B., don't you think Mommy has the prettiest hair in the whole wide world?

B.B.
Yes I do.

BILL
In fact it's better than pretty.
What's better than pretty?

B.B.
Gorgeous.

BILL
Very good, gorgeous. Mommy is gorgeous.

The Bride shows no sign of thawing around Bill.

BILL
You know baby, Mommy's kinda mad at Daddy.

B.B.
Why? Were you a bad daddy?

BILL
I'm afraid I was. I was a real bad daddy.
(to Mommy)
Our little girl learned about life and death the other day.
(to B.B.)
You want to tell Mommy about what happened to Emilio?

B.B.
I killed him. I didn't mean to, but I stepped on him and he stopped moving.

BILL
Emilio was her goldfish.
She came running into my room holding the fish in her hand, crying, "Daddy daddy, Emilio's dead."
And I said, "Really, that's so sad. How did he die?"
And what did you say?

B.B.
I stepped on him.

BILL
Actually young lady, the words you so strategically used were, "I accidentally stepped on him."
Right?

B.B.
Yeah.

BILL
To which I queried, "And just how did your foot accidentally find its way into Emilio's fishbowl?"
And she told me no no no, Emilio was on the carpet when she stepped on him.
(beat)
Hummmmm, the plot thickens.
And just how did Emilio get on the carpet? And Mommy, you would have been real proud of her, because she didn't lie. She said she took Emilio out of his bowl, and put him on the carpet.
And what was Emilio doing on the carpet, baby?

B.B.
He was -- flapping.

BILL
And then you stomped on him?

B.B.
Uh-huh.

BILL
And when you lifted your foot up, what was Emilio doing then?

B.B.
Nothing.

BILL
He stopped flapping, didn't he?

B.B.
Uh-huh.

BILL
And you knew what that meant, didn't you?

B.B.
Uh-huh.

BILL
What did that mean?

B.B.
He was dead.

BILL
(to Mommy)
She told me later, that the second she lifted up her foot and saw him not flapping, she knew he was dead. Is that not the perfect visual image of life and death? A fish flapping on the carpet, and a fish not flapping on the carpet.
So powerful even a five-year old child with no concept of life and death knew what it meant.
Not only did she know Emilio was dead, she knew she had killed him. So she comes running into my room, holding Emilio in both of her little hands - it was so cute - and she wanted me to make Emilio better. And I asked her, why did she step on Emilio? And she said, she didn't know. But I knew why. You didn't mean to hurt Emilio, you just wanted to see what would happen if you stepped on him, right?

B.B.
Uh-huh.

BILL
And what happens when you stomp on Emilio, is you kill him. And you discovered that, didn't you?

B.B.
Uh-huh.

BILL
So we drove down to the beach, had a little funeral, and gave Emilio a burial at sea. And right now I'm sure he's happy as can be, swimmin around in fish heaven.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
But the point being, our child learned two very important lessons. One, about life and death. The other, somethings once you do, they can't be undone. I knew just how she felt.
(to B.B.)
You loved Emilio, didn't you?

B.B.
Uh-huh.

BILL
Well sweety, I love Mommy, but I did to Mommy what you did to Emilio.

B.B.
You stomped on Mommy?

BILL
Worse.
(making his finger a gun)
I shot Mommy. Not pretend shoot, like we were just doing. I shot her for real.

B.B.
Why?

BILL
I don't know.

B.B.
Did you want to see what would happen?

BILL
No, I knew what would happen to Mommy if I shot her. What I didn't know, is when I shot Mommy, what would happen to me.

B.B.
What happened?

BILL
I was very sad. And that was when I learned, somethings once you do, they can never be undone.

B.B.
What happened to Mommy?

BILL
Why don't you ask Mommy.

B.B.
Are you okay Mommy. Does it hurt?

BILL
No sweety, it doesn't hurt anymore.

B.B.
Did it make you sick?

MOMMY
It put me to sleep. That's why I haven't been with you B.B., I've been asleep.

B.B.
But you're awake now, right?

MOMMY
I'm wide awake, pretty girl.

BILL
B.B., would you like Mommy to watch a "bideo" with you before sleepytime?

B.B.
Yes. Mommy you wanna watch a "bideo?"

The BRIDE
I'd love to baby. Which one would you like to watch?

B.B. thinks for a moment.

B.B.
"The Aristocats."

BILL
No B.B., the Aristocats is too long.

The BRIDE
- No it's not.

INT - B.B.'S ROOM - NIGHT

Both B.B. and her mother lie in the rose petal-covered bed, watching Disney's "The Aristocats" on TV.

EXT. PORCH - DAWN

Bill sits on the steps of his porch in the back of the house drinking a glass of red wine. The steps lead to the beach and the sea.

Beatrix steps out onto the porch, and sits down on the steps across from him.

Between them the dawn sky breaks.

BILL
Did she go to sleep easy?

The BRIDE
It took her a little bit. She was excited. She's quite the little chatterbox.

BILL
Well, if she doesn't like you, you got to kill her to say hello. But if she likes you, you can't shut her up. She's a chip off the ole blonde in that regards.

He holds up the bottle of vino.

BILL
Red wine?

She shakes her blonde head, no.

BILL
C'mon, Bea, you're a whole lot more fun with a couple glasses of wine in ya.

She gives him a look.

BILL
(pointing towards the beach)
We're going to go out there and have at it, aren't we?

She shakes her blonde head, yes.

BILL
Well, I've already had a glass. So unless you want to win by an unfair advantage, you should have a glass of wine. So we're both on the same footing wine-wise.

She holds out the empty glass, and he fills it with red.

The BRIDE
Who would of ever thought you'd be such a good father?

BILL
Well not you, that's for damn sure.

She gives him another look.

The BRIDE
Must we have to endure your little zingers?

BILL
No we mustn't.
(pause)
You know, there's an old man down here, his name is Esteban Vihaio. He was a pimp. I knew him when I was a child. He was a friend of my mother's. I told him about you. When I showed him your picture he smiles and said;
(imitating his accent)
"Yessss, I see the attraction."

The BRIDE
- I know the Lana Turner story. Esteban told me himself.

BILL
Ah-so. That's how you found me?

The BRIDE
I don't believe you.

BILL
You don't believe me -- I didn't say anything.

The BRIDE
I know Esteban told you I was coming.

BILL
Oh I knew you were coming allright, but Esteban didn't tell me. Nor would he.

The BRIDE
Why wouldn't he?

BILL
In his life Esteban Vihaio has been many things. But a surprise spoiler isn't one of them.
(pause)
Having said that, I have to say, you coming here shootin like that, caught me unawares. What was the plan? Come in here, guns blazing, kill everybody, scoop up B.B. and head for parts unknown.

The BRIDE
That was the general idea.

BILL
All n'all, not a bad strategy. You really have developed quite a gift for surprise. You had a big motherfuckin surprise waiting for my ass when you never came home.

Bill drinks some wine.

BILL
When I sent you to L.A. and you never came back, I thought you'd been killed. Do you know how cruel it is to make someone think someone they love is dead? In the third month of mourning you, I track you down. I wasn't trying to track you down, I was trying to track down - the fucking assholes - who I thought killed you. So I find you, and what do I find? Not only are you not dead, you're getting married - to some fuckin jerk - and you're pregnant?
Yeah, I'm about surprised out when it comes to you.

The BRIDE
Why do you think --

BILL
Why did you leave in the first place? You have cold eyes towards me now. I understand their temperature, but they were warm the second to the last time I saw them, or was that just my imagination?

The BRIDE
No.

The Bride decides to tell all. As she tells this story, parts will be shown on the screen.

To give herself a running start with the story she starts it off in Japanese;

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
You sent me to L.A. to kill that lady scoundrel, Lisa Wong.

Bill interrupts her.

BILL (ENGLISH)
Why are you talking in Japanese?

The Bride explodes;

The BRIDE (ENGLISH)
What the hell do you care what I talk in? Don't you know when to keep your mouth shut? I'm trying to tell you what you want to know, if you'll just shut up and listen and stop talking! Now may I continue?

BILL
You're right, I'm wrong, continue.

The BRIDE
The morning I left, I threw up. I don't feel like speaking in Japanese anymore - on the plane, I threw up. When I got to my hotel, I threw up. So naturally I started thinking, maybe I might be pregnant. So I bought one of those home pregnancy kits. Went back to my room and took the test. The little strip said blue. I was going to have a baby. I tried to call you, but you weren't there, so I just thought I'd call back later.

BILL
But you never did.

The BRIDE
- Would you shut up, I'm trying to tell you how I feel.

BILL
My apologies, please continue.

The BRIDE
So I just figured I'd call you back later. I was just so happy, I put on music and danced by myself in the hotel suite, holding my little blue strip. What I didn't know, was at some leg of my journey, I was spotted. With me in Los Angeles it didn't take Lisa Wong long to figure out someone put a hit out on her. So she sent an assassin of her own to kill me in my hotel room. As I was dancing in euphoria, the killer came down the hall.

There's a knock on the hotel room door.

The Bride stops dancing and goes to the door's peephole.

PEEPHOLE POV: A pretty KOREAN WOMAN in the blazer and skirt outfit of a hotel manager. She's holding a basket of flowers.

The Bride says through the door;

The BRIDE
Hello, can I help you?

HOTEL WOMAN
Hello, I'm Karen Kim, I'm the hospitality manager of the hotel. I have a welcome gift from the management.

Seeing it through the peephole.

The BRIDE
Oh, it's beautiful. But I'm kinda busy at this second, could you possibly come back later?

As she talks, she accidentally drops the blue strip, she bends down to pick it up...

WHEN...

A SHOTGUN BLAST BLOWS A HOLE in the door, right where the bent over woman was previously standing.

Karen kicks open the door, Pump Action Shotgun in hand.

The Bride's on her back, on the floor below her.

Karen aims the shotgun down at her.

With her foot, The Bride kicks the front door.

It SLAMS BACK HITTING Karen in the face.

The Bride scrambles to her feet, running for cover.

Karen pushes the door aside, steps into the room, and FIRES the shotgun The Bride's way.

The Bride DIVES out of the way.

The BLAST DESTROYS the side of the room it HITS.

The Bride comes up from the floor with her SOG in her hand, and THROWS IT across the room at Karen...

Karen BLOCKS the thrown knife with her shotgun. The blade sticking in the weapon's wooden stock. She removes the knife, and drops it to the floor.

The Bride is a sitting duck. There's nothing she can do except wait to get shot.

KAREN
So you came here to kill Lisa Wong, huh? Well that's my sister, bitch. I'm Karen Wong, and I've come here to kill you.

She raises the shotgun, and takes aim at The Bride...

The BRIDE
Wait a second!

Karen stops.

The BRIDE
Yes, I'm an assassin. Yes I did come here to kill your sister. But I'm not gonna do that now.

KAREN
Oh, I know you're not --

The BRIDE
- Listen to me!
I just found out, right now - not two minutes before you blew a hole in the door, I'm pregnant.

Karen looks at her, "What?"

The BRIDE
On that table is the home pregnancy kit. On the floor by the door is the strip that says I'm pregnant. I'm telling you the truth, I don't want to and I won't kill your sister. I just want to go home.

KAREN
What is this, bullshit story number twelve in the female assassin's handbook?

The BRIDE
Any other time you'd be a hundred percent right. But this time you're a hundred percent wrong. I'm the deadliest woman in the world, but right now I'm scared shitless for my baby. Please, you hafta believe me. Look at the strip, it's on the floor.

Karen looks over to the door, and sees the tiny strip on the floor.

KAREN
Sit down on that bed and put your hands behind your head.

The Bride complies. Karen bends down and picks the strip off the floor. Then takes the package it came in and reads the directions on the box.

The BRIDE
Blue means pregnant.

KAREN
I'll read it myself, thank you.

It is blue, Karen's starting to believe her.

KAREN
Okay, say I were to believe you, what then?

The BRIDE
Just go home. I'll do the same.

Karen does...She starts backing out of the room...before she leaves, she says;

KAREN
You fucked with the Wong sisters.

BACK ON THE PORCH

The BRIDE
Facing Karen Wong, was the most frightening moment I have ever experienced.
And that includes three years with that evil bastard Pai Mei.
Before that strip turned blue, I was a woman, I was your woman. I was a killer, who killed for you.
Before that strip turned blue, I would have jumped a motorcycle on to a speeding train...for you.
But once that strip turned blue, I could no longer do any of those things. Not anymore. Because now I was a mother. A mother who only had one thought on her mind. Please don't harm my baby.
Can you understand that?

BILL
Yes. But why tell me now, and not then?

The BRIDE
You wouldn't have let me go. Specially once you found out I was pregnant. You would've tried to talk me out of it. It would have been a big scene. I just said fuck it.

BILL
Fuck who?

The BRIDE
Bill, you couldn't know I was pregnant, once you knew, you'd claim it, and I didn't want that.

BILL
That's not your decision to make.

The BRIDE
Yes, but it's the right decision. And I made it for my daughter. Everybody on this earth deserves to start with a clean slate. But with us - my daughter would be born into a world she shouldn't be. Robbing her of the one thing everybody deserves. She would be born with blood stains. I had to choose. I chose her.

She takes a sip of wine. It's morning now. And now it's her turn.

The BRIDE
You know five years ago, if I had to make a list of impossible things that could never happen. You performing a coup de grace on me by bustin a cap in my crown, would be right at the top of the list.
(beat)
I'd've been wrong, wouldn't I?

Bill listens stoney, then;

BILL
I'm sorry was that a question? Of impossible things that could never happen - yes in this instance you would have been wrong.

The Bride listens stoney, then;

The BRIDE
Well?

BILL
Well what?

The BRIDE
Explain yourself.

BILL
I already have. When I told you the story of when I thought you were dead. Didn't you get how badly I felt?

The BRIDE
You call that an explanation?

BILL
Well if that's too cryptic let's get literal.
(beat)
There are consequences to breaking the heart of a murdering bastard. You experienced some of them.

That's his explanation.

She hears it.

They both understand one another.

The BRIDE
You and I have unfinished business.

BILL
Baby, you ain't kidding.

They both laugh.

BILL
You know how proud I am of you, don't you?

The BRIDE
Yes.

BILL
You know I was rooting for you, don't you?

The BRIDE
I figured.

BILL
You know on that beach out there I want you to be the victor?

She nods her head, yes.

BILL
You also know you're going to have to defeat me. I can't just give it to you, even though I want to.

The BRIDE
It won't be necessary for you to give me anything. I've surpassed you. I'll take it.

BILL
Well, as they say in Missouri, show me.

EXT - THE BEACH - MORNING

As the blue waves of the Gulf of Mexico crash on the beach, the Bride in her bridal gown, and Bill, his tuxedo jacket off, face each other in a combat stance.

The BRIDE
Breeze blowing her blonde hair, holding her Hanzo sword in its sheath.

BILL
stares across the sand to the figure of the Bride, his student, facing him at sunrise with a weapon he taught her to use. This is where all who teach combat artistry may end up. Facing a Frankenstein monster of their own creation. He removes his Hanzo sword from its sheath with GREAT FLOURISH.

WIDE SHOT
The two combatants...quite far from each other...they intend to charge/attack...stand in showdown stance.

The BRIDE
removes her sword with GREAT FLOURISH. She takes her combat stance. Then says across the sand;

The BRIDE (JAPANESE)
Attack me. With everything you have.

BILL
(to himself)
So be it.

He screams a Banzai scream...and charges her...

She screams a Banzai scream...and charges him...

The man and the woman with their Hanzo swords head for each other like two locomotives.

We go back and forth, close, wide, low,

till

They meet...

When they do they go at it...

Swinging...leading, furiously...

Steel clashing against steel...

They fight this way for awhile, in the Japanese Samurai style of swordplay...

THEN

Bill begins to overpower the girl with his strong, vicious, seemingly inpenetrable sword style.

Then the girl backs up and SWITCHES her sword style to Pai Mei's Chinese style. Less rigid, more fluid movement, her arms become like willows in the wind.

Bill smiles.

BILL
Aaahh, switching styles on me, aye. Just when I think I got you on the ropes, you switch up to Wu Tai sword style. As per usual, not a bad strategy. But I have to smile. Remember how you carried on when I said I was sending you to Pai Mei? I said then, there will come a day you'll thank me.

The BRIDE
That day's now. But you'll need to come a little closer to get the full extent of my gratitude.

They attack each other in a fantastic fight, the tall blonde's free-flowing arms flaying Wu Tai sword style vs. the harsh, powerful Samurai style.

The fight goes back and forth till Bill does a combat maneuver that demonstrates his superiority...

...he DISARMS her.

The woman's Hanzo sword flies up in the air...

...then lands sticking straight up in the sand on the shoreline. A wave runs water through it.

She, unarmed, looks to him, armed.

He raises his sword into his kill position...

CU SHE... the instant before attack.

CU HE... the instant before attack.

He charges at her to kill, to plunge the sword into her heart.

At the last moment she TWIRLS around, CATCHING his HANZO BLADE inside of her wood sheath, rendering the sharp steel impotent and bringing their two bodies close to each other.

SHAW BROTHERS ZOOM
to her face, the VENGEANCE THEME EXPLODES on the soundtrack.

She brings up her right arm, sticks out two fingers, and hits Bill on ten different pressure points on his body. Then hits him straight on in the heart with her palm. His body jolts, like he's just had a heart attack...he coughs up a little blood...he looks at her.

Their faces are very close...

The face of the ice cold woman Ninja, melts away before our eyes, and the face of Beatrix Kiddo is filled once again with compassion.

BILL
He taught you the ten-point palm exploding heart technique?

The BRIDE
Of course he did.

BILL
Why didn't you tell me?

She doesn't have an answer.

She looks at him apologetically;

The BRIDE
I don't know...Because...I'm a... bad person.

He smiles at her duplicitly, and says with blood on his lips;

BILL
No. You're not a bad person. You're a terrific person. You're my favorite person. But every once in awhile...you can be a real cunt.

They smile at each other.

Then...

Bill turns his back to her...

and walks five steps in the opposite direction...with each step his heart swells, on the fifth...

It BURSTS...WE HEAR A SOUND, like of a tire blowout...

He falls to the beach...dead.

The Bride walks over to the Hanzo sword sticking out of the sand... She removes it.

Beatrix, in a moment of enormous generosity, allows herself, one final tear, shed for her corrupter, her enemy, the father of her child,...her MAN. The tear is for her as well. For she's very aware she will never ever be completely any other man's WOMAN.

EX CU The Hanzo BLADE slowly sliding into the wood sheath.

EX CU the single teardrop, sliding down her cheek.

The blade disappears inside the sheath.

The teardrop falls off her chin.

The tear disappears into the sand.

Her journey, her revenge, her victory, her unfinished business, is completed.

The Bride exits the beach.

Bill doesn't.

SERIES OF SHOTS END FILM
As a female voice sings a song on the soundtrack.

We see the Bride,

get B.B.

The Bride and B.B. are driving away.

The Bride and B.B. eating in a coffee shop...

The Bride and B.B. in a motel room. They both wear bath towels and both of their blonde heads are wet. The Bride sits behind her on the bed, combing the little one's head.

The Bride spooning B.B. from behind, both of them are asleep.

It's the morning...

B.B. sits on the motel room bed, watching Saturday morning cartoons on T.V.

INT - MOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - MORNING

The Bride is on the floor of the motel room bathroom, crying her eyes out.

She shoves a towel in her mouth so B.B. won't hear her.

We wonder for a moment what's wrong...

Till we see her face in CU...

Her tears are tears of joy.

She can't believe this is even happening.

Her daughter is alive. They're together. They get to begin again.

She covers her mouth so B.B. won't hear her crying and get worried or confused.

But as the deadliest woman on the planet, lies on the motel room bathroom floor, smile on her face, twinkle in her eyes, happier than she's ever been, she thinks one thought. Over and over again...

Thank you God...thank you God...thank you God...thank you God.

She washes her face in the sink, when she's presentable, she walks out of the bathroom, jumps on the bed with her baby, hugs her from behind as the two watch Saturday morning cartoons.

TWO SHOT CU
Both blonde heads, the big one and the little one, next to each other, watching T.V.

The lioness has been reunited with her cub, and all is right in the jungle.

CUT TO

BLACK FRAME
TITLE APPEARS

WRITTEN
&
DIRECTED

by

Quentin Tarantino